

THE ACADEMY.
March 20, 1909

THE ACADEMY AND THE DAILY NEWS

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1924

MARCH 20, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

(Incorporated A.D. 1720.)

Governor—SIR NEVILE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G.

FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENTS,
BURGLARY, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

SPECIAL TERMS TO ANNUITANTS
—WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED—

The Corporation will act as Executor of Wills, Trustee of Wills and Settlements.

Prospectus on application to the Secretary,

Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C. West End Branch: 44 PALL MALL, S.W.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CARLYLES

THE LOVE LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH

EDITED BY ALEXANDER CARLYLE, NEPHEW OF THOMAS CARLYLE, EDITOR OF
NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Mr. JOHN LANE has pleasure in announcing a volume that should settle, finally and for all time, the ever-present CONTROVERSY respecting the INNER THOUGHTS OF THE CARLYLES ABOUT EACH OTHER. The book contains the 175 LETTERS which passed between them from their first meeting until the time of their marriage. They represent in a fashion fascinatingly complete A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE.

These letters detail the lives of the writers during five and a half years, and should CONVINCe the most SCEPTICAL that their mutual love was as fresh and fragrant as that of any boy and girl.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH

EDITED BY ALEXANDER CARLYLE, NEPHEW OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

With 2 Portraits in Colour and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 25s. net.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS' NEWEST PUBLICATIONS

CALENDARUM LONDINENSE, or the London ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR 1909. Fine etched plate, "The Tower of London," by WILLIAM MONK, R.E. 15½x11½. 2s. 6d. net.

LONDON VISIONS. By LAURENCE BINYON. Collected and Augmented. Printed at the Chiswick Press. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.
"To turn over Mr. Binyon's book is to wonder that the volume of poetry about London should be no greater than it is. . . . Mr. Binyon is wise in cultivating his sense of her poetry and in collecting into one volume the many poems to which she has inspired him—a volume which on this account alone, we imagine, will have to be accorded a place in the history of English poetry. He is alive to all her charming or repellent characteristics. He sees her sometimes with the eyes of Dickens, sometimes with those of Claude Monet, and sometimes with those of Jeremiah; he knows all her beauty and all her ugliness; her ghastly impassivity and her passionate life; her splendour and her meanness; her immemorial story and her brief passage through Time. . . . Mr. Binyon's verse shows his clear artistic intention and careful accomplishment."—*The Times*.
"Mr. Laurence Binyon's work needs no bush."—*Evening Standard*.

A SELECTION FROM THE POETRY OF LIONEL JOHNSON. With Biographical Note by C. K. SHORTER. Royal 16mo, 1s. net.
"It was the fashion at one time to say that Lionel Johnson's poems were academic exercises. The publication of this volume may help to reverse that verdict. Though there is little call to weed out his poems, it must be admitted that the editor has chosen those which show him as, first and foremost, a poet of a pure and high passion, devoted in the main to lost causes, remote and often discredited ideals; and a poet who, in spite of certain wilful pieces of crabbedness and lightness, had the large and simple utterance of great poetry."—*The Times*.

POEMS. By MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE ("Anodos"). Edited by HENRY NEWBOLT. Pott 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. [Fourth Edition now ready.
"The greatest poetry is always impersonal. . . . But there is another kind of poetry, which, though it must take rank below the greatest, cannot fail to call forth affection and delight. It is the kind whose merit depends less on pure artistic achievement than on the power of personal revelation—the capacity of bringing the reader into near relationship with a charming or distinguished mind. . . . Her poetry is original in its truest sense. Perhaps its most striking quality is the extreme simplicity of its outward form. Her verse, always distinguished and never strained, has all the charm of a refined and intimate conversation."—*Spectator*.

"THE REAL OMAR."
First Thousand Copies sold out in a Fortnight. Second thousand (Revised and Corrected) Now Ready. Royal 16mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; wrapper, 1s. net.

QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM, from a Literal Prose Translation by E. HERON-ALLEN. Done into Verse by ARTHUR B. TALBOT.
"Mr. Talbot has produced a translation, not only remarkable for fidelity, but of genuine poetical value. One has only to turn a page or two to acknowledge one merit with gratitude, for it is one which few of the quatrain-spinners share—he is wholly bent on rendering Omar for Omar's sake, and never makes him a vehicle for his own moods and conceits. . . . Mr. Talbot has, in fact, achieved a version of an undoubted value to those who wish to know more of the real Omar and cannot read him in his own tongue."—*The Times*.
"All good Omarians should add this book to their collection."—*Globe*.

SONGS OF GOOD FIGHTING. By EUGENE R. WHITE. With Prefatory Memoir by H. P. TABER. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; wrapper, 1s. net.
"A book of stirring verse. . . . The most remarkable piece in the volume is the 'Festin d'Adieu,' a short story which is surely one of the half-dozen finest stories ever written."—*The Bibliophile*.
"Had Browning written pirated instead of cavalier lyrics, he might have given us songs like these. . . . They go with a dash and vigour, a mastery of rhythm and rhyme that are very exhilarating. The 'Festin d'Adieu,' which closes the volume, is a practically flawless specimen of the short story."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"This slim volume contains some fine lyrical ballads of battles and the sea. Their versatile author died young, and had only practised poetry as a hobby. We could wish for more of his work, for it embodies a healthy spirit in effective metre."—*Oxford Magazine*.

CHRISTMAS SONGS AND CAROLS. By AGNES BEGBIE. Illustrated by EDITH CALVERT. Royal 16mo, 1s. net.
"A charming little volume with very appropriate and clever drawings."—*Publishers' Circular*.

A CHRISTMAS MORALITY PLAY FOR CHILDREN. By EDITH LYTTLETON. Royal 16mo, 1s. net.
A little play of a poor cottage—father, mother, and child, to whom a saving joy comes with Michael the Archangel on Christmas morn; with many stage directions.
"It is a simple theme, treated with simplicity and fitting dignity, a beautiful little work, far more suitable for a gift-book than many more ornate booklets designed as gifts and distinguished by 'th' adulteries of art' that take the eye and not the heart. Mrs. Lyttleton has put her impressively simple dialogue in prose, but the impression left on the mind after reading her work is that of poetry."—*Daily Telegraph*.

IN A STREET—IN A LANE. By N. W. BYNG. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.
"Charming verses. . . . they have the true poetic fancy, the light and shade, the pathos, humour, and tragedy of life, and the little book is worth buying."—*Daily Express*.

POEMS. By MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE ("Anodos"). Edited by HENRY NEWBOLT. Pott 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. [Fourth Edition.
"These are all of her best work. . . . Every year of a period of twenty-five has contributed something to the book, yet there are scarcely half-a-dozen flaws. For she was a scrupulous writer; she wrote little, and all that she wrote was clearly related to her own spiritual life. . . . No poems, even in this age, have been fuller of personal revelation than these. Altogether they make a portrait, complex, shadowy, baffling, intimate."—*Saturday Review*.

POWDER AND PATCHES. By VERA CANUTE. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

"Shows quite unusual accomplishment."—*Scotsman*.
"The fresh vigour and daintiness of these songs, together with a quite unusual knack of drawing out the included beauty of words, have compelled us to read the book through with delight. . . . Her muse comes all dewy and flowery from walking in the Arcady of Herrick. It is much that Miss Canute can take us back again into those delicious meadows. The influence of Herrick is never absent. A poet could not out of all literature choose a better master; but it is rarely that such a pupilage results in work as good as 'Powder and Patches.'"—*Liverpool Courier*.

THE TRAGEDY OF SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY. By ARTHUR DILLON. Royal 16mo, 4s. 6d. net.
"His 'Elizabeth' . . . takes something of a Shakespearian quality of infinite pitifulness with its short ineffective protests."—*Manchester Guardian*.

PAN-WORSHIP, and other Poems. By ELEANOR FARJEON. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

LOVE AS PEDLAR, and other Verses. By LADY ALICE EYRE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; wrapper, 1s. net.

VERSES TO A CHILD. By MABEL TRUSTRAM. Illustrated by EDITH CALVERT. Crown 8vo, 2s. net.
"There is in these verses, so naively illustrated, just that simplicity and directness which has its unfailing appeal to the childish mind. The child revels in facts rather than in fancies. . . . here the very springs of childish romance are set free."—*Daily Graphic*.

MY GARDEN. By J. T. PRIOR. With 12 full-page Collotypes. Fcap. 4to, 5s. net.
"The work shows accomplishment."—*The Times*.
"Bespeaks not only knowledge and love of the subject but an uncommon literary culture."—*Scotsman*.

THE SHADOW OF THE RAGGED-STONE (a Romance of the Malvern Range, temp. twelfth century). By C. F. GRINDROD. With Cover-design by AUSTIN O. SPARE. Crown 8vo, 570 pp., 6s.
"As good a specimen of the historical romance as one need wish to meet with."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"Throughout the Author shows his clear insight into the conditions of the far off century he portrays, and his method is vivid and realistic, though softened by mystical touches that come and go like clouds in a summer sky."—*Outlook*.
"An unusual story, almost old-fashioned in its seriousness and sense of doom."—*Bookman*.
"A story of absorbing interest."—*Scotsman*.

EARLY VICTORIAN AND OTHER PAPERS. By E. S. P. HAYNES. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; wrapper, 1s. net.
"These are the excursions and diversions of a lively and critical mind which is not professionally devoted to the service of literature, and has therefore a freshness of independence and irresponsibility (except to truth) not superabundant in the writers of the day. . . . They are kept thoroughly alive by a forcible plain style and a sleepless sense of humour."—*Morning Post*.
"Pleasant humour combined with sound literary instinct."—*Literary Guide*.
"A paradoxical person this essayist, with a very pretty touch in writing, and an abundantly saving grace of humour."—*Evening Standard*.

MEMORIES AND MUSIC. Letters to a Fair Unknown. By an Anonymous Writer. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
"These are essays that must delight the ordinary reader almost as much as they will people to whom music is the chief thing in life, for they show not only great penetration but humour of the freshest and most refined sort, combined with a knowledge of music, men, and countries obtained by wide travel and acute observation."—*Musical*.

MAN AND MAID. By ARTHUR GRAY. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; wrapper, 1s. net.
An imaginative essay, from the ideal point of view, on the Relations between Man and Woman.

THE CHILD MIND: a Study in Elementary Ethnology. By HENRIETTA HOME. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; wrapper, 1s. net.
"A little book all parents should possess. The writer is so obviously a lover of youth, and suggests the child's heart as well as the child's mind with such understanding that the limited spaces of the book are large with wisdom."—*Liverpool Courier*.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE "VIGO CABINET" SERIES.

Royal 16mo, 1s. net.

FRIENDSHIP. By LILIAN STREET.
"We can all comprehend the quiet friendship of which Miss Street writes. She has thoroughly possessed herself with her subject, and treats it with subtlety and insight."—*Liverpool Courier*.

WHISPER! By FRANCES WYNNE. With Memoir by KATHARINE TYNAN.
"Their sweetness, freshness, and lyrical swing should win them universal appreciation."—*Catholic Times*.

CÆDMON'S ANGEL. By K. A. MURDOCH.

THE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. By A. MADDOCK.

DAY DREAMS OF GREECE. By C. W. STORK.

VOX OTIOSI. By DAVID PLINLIMMON.

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

CONTENTS

	Page.		Page.
Life and Letters . . .	891	" Natural Monopoly " . . .	898
The Goldfinch . . .	893	A " Destructive Critic ". . .	899
THE ACADEMY and <i>The</i>		Scientific Theology . . .	900
<i>Daily News</i> . . .	894	Shorter Reviews . . .	901
Mr. Archer's Two		Meetings of Societies . . .	902
Guineas . . .	894	Correspondence . . .	903
Superstition . . .	896	Books Received . . .	907
The Spanish Capital. . .	897		

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Headmaster of Eton, in his final reply to the Humanitarian League, appears to us to have made a most unfortunate mistake. The case which he is upholding of the usefulness and perfect justifiability of the Eton beagles is not one which requires to be supported by reckless abuse of other field sports. Canon Lyttelton, by descending to the methods of claptrap involved in wild denunciation of the "wholesale slaughter of tame pheasants," is merely putting himself on a level with the cranks of the Humanitarian League. It is true that Canon Lyttelton is primarily a schoolmaster, but we would have supposed that his family traditions would enable him to have a juster appreciation of sport from the country gentleman's point of view than that which he has displayed. We should like to ask him what precisely he understands by "tame pheasants." Strictly speaking, of course, all the pheasants in these islands are tame pheasants. The pheasant is not indigenous to this country, and is not, therefore, to be considered as a wild bird; but Canon Lyttelton evidently draws distinctions between wild and tame pheasants, and by "wild pheasants" we suppose him to mean birds hatched and bred in the coverts, without any assistance from the keeper. Does Canon Lyttelton seriously suppose that such birds differ in any way from what he would call "tame pheasants." If so, we can only assure him that he is ludicrously in error. The artificial rearing of pheasants has merely the effect of increasing their number. The strength of flight of a pheasant and the height at which he comes over the guns is precisely the same in the case of the "wild" and the "tame" bird. If the coverts from which the birds are driven are composed of small trees, and if the configuration of the ground does not compel them to rise in their flight, they will fly low and afford easy and not very sporting shots. If, on the other hand, the trees are high and the ground admits of the guns standing considerably below the coverts, the shots will be high and sporting and correspondingly difficult. In neither case, provided, of course, that the guns are equal to the exigencies, is there any cruelty involved or anything which calls for the intervention either of Humanitarian Leagues or of solemn schoolmasters. A man has precisely the

same right, legally and morally, to rear pheasants in his coverts as another man has to rear poultry in a poultry yard. Every single pheasant that is ever shot is used for purposes of food, just as surely as every chicken which has its throat cut is used for the same purpose. Pheasants form a very valuable and relatively cheap supply of food for the market. At certain seasons of the year they can be bought for three shillings a brace in Leadenhall Market. It is instructive to contrast this state of affairs with that which obtains in countries where, owing to the absence of game rights of landed proprietors, game has almost entirely disappeared. In the South of France a pheasant nowadays is looked upon by the average inhabitant as a fantastically unpurchasable luxury. From twelve to twenty francs is the sort of price paid for a single pheasant in such districts.

A further indication of the lamentable pass to which this country has been brought under the auspices of the present Government was afforded by the debate on the Navy Estimates which took place in the House of Commons this week. Not only have the Government failed to maintain the two-power standard, which by common consent is necessary to our safety as a nation, but, according to Mr. Asquith's own showing, in a very few years we shall only just retain the one-power standard. In fact, to put the matter quite plainly, we stand in actual and immediate danger of annihilation at the hands of Germany. While our Lloyd Georges and our Churchills have been looking after their own private affairs, and while the Prime Minister and Messrs. Birrell, Runciman and McKenna have been wasting public time and public money in the attempt to thrust upon the community at large preposterous and fantastic measures of "temperance" and "educational" reform, the armed force, on which we depend for our existence, has been steadily and persistently undermined. The presence at the head of the Admiralty Board of the egregious Mr. McKenna, whose only claim to such a position would appear to be that he once rowed bow in the Cambridge eight, is not calculated to reassure the patriotic citizen. If we are to sleep soundly in our beds it is abundantly clear that our only hope is in a speedy change of Government. We have reason to believe that this highly desirable consummation is a great deal nearer than is commonly supposed. The feeling in the country against the Government, although it may fail to find adequate expression in the House of Commons, is growing in such an ever-increasing manner that a dissolution cannot now long be delayed.

The *Englishwoman* continues its gallant and successful efforts to give away its own case. From the current number we take, at haphazard, the following paragraph, which appears under the head of "Echoes":

Apropos of the question of Women's Suffrage, so many of you ask, "What good would follow this if this were done? What harm undone?" or words to that effect, that I am asked to tell the following true story to show that the vote does carry power, and that without power, "influence" is not as strong a lever as we need. It was recently decided to build some new public baths in a certain district of London, and some of the women living there obtained the promise from the local Council that one of them should be for the use of women. Some months afterwards a friend of mine called at the works to see how the buildings were getting on, and asked the foreman to show her the women's bath. "There is no women's bath, Madam." "Oh! how is that?" "The Council consider that a second-class men's bath was more required than a bath for women." My friend, accompanied by some other of the ladies, called on the Chairman of the Council. "Is this true that we hear that there is to be

no bath for women after all?" "Quite true, ladies; you see it was decided that a second-class men's bath was more wanted than one for women." "Oh, very well, just as you like; but we promise you that, as far as we can accomplish it, if we do not get our bath you will all be turned out at the next election."—*They got their bath.*

So that here we have a case in which the Council, after mature deliberation, had come to the conclusion that a second-class men's bath was more urgently needed for the general good of the community than a woman's bath. Certain women, however, chose to think otherwise, and subordinating the interests of the community to their own private fancies they proceeded to bring to bear upon the Council the power which lay with them, owing to their possession of votes. The councillors, being apparently men who had more respect for their position than for their principles, allowed themselves to be coerced through a cowardly fear of losing their seats at the next election. Could anything be more immoral and more against the public interest? In the same number Mr. Shaw unbosoms himself on what he is pleased to call "The Unmentionable Case for Women's Suffrage." He explains at the beginning of his article that he has already "made an effort to save the situation" by writing a letter to *The Times*. "But," says he, "*The Times* blushed and threw my letter into the waste-paper basket." On the whole, we are not surprised. The *Englishwoman*, of course, being armoured in a perpetual blush (*vide* the cover) was less squeamish. Consequently, the listening earth will be able to arrive at the startling conclusion that in the delicate mind of Mr. Shaw the question of votes for women is intimately bound up with the question of latrines for ladies. For our part, we shall decline to believe that violent revolution is necessary to remedy the trifling grievance to which Mr. Shaw refers. The usual minor poet, in the person of Mr. Laurence Housman, limps alongside the *Englishwoman's* intellectual procession with a doggerel poem entitled "The Sand-castle," in which he describes two children, a boy and a girl, at play on the sands. The boy builds a sand-castle:

. . . So without stir,
Conscious that all this work was done for her,
The girl sat safe-immured; and for employ,
To keep her quiet, the calculating boy
Had brought her weeds and shells wherewith to dress
Her locks and make herself "a great princess
Fit for a king." Tempted such rank to claim,
With folded feet, domestically tame,
Resigned she sat and played the sedentary game.

The boy, having installed his princess in, or, rather, on, the castle, sallies forth with the true spirit of knight-errantry and battles with imaginary monsters. All of which appears to us to be very right and proper. But Mr. Laurence Housman's little girl is evidently a budding suffragette of the most virulent description; for before long we are informed that:

. . . deliriously she squeals,
And pounding hard, on limbs a little numb
From too long sitting, and with feet a-drum,
"Champion!" she cries, "to share your fate I come!"

In passing, we note the delightful euphemism of "limbs" for what the little girl sits down on. However, that is neither here nor there. The point is that, on Mr. Housman's own showing, this resolution to throw up her part spoils the whole game from the point of view of both the little boy and the little girl. The little boy loses his illusions, and the little girl is brutally reminded that "a girl can't throw—not properly." All of which, on the whole, seems to us to be a fairly faithful allegory, the moral being that a little

girl is more likely to shine in the rôle of a princess than in that of a thrower of stones. It is a pity that Mr. Housman does not apply the moral of his poem to himself and his "deliriously squealing" female friends.

We go to press too late to be able to comment on the details of the Bill introduced by Mr. Geoffrey Howard for the purpose of extending the franchise to the whole adult population, male and female. Of course, everyone knows that it has not the smallest chance of becoming law. It has already evoked shrieks of rage from Miss Pankhurst, representing the National Women's Social and Political Union, and it causes equal dismay to Lady Knightley, the president of the insignificant but mischievous Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association; while four ladies have demonstrated against the Bill by chaining themselves to the railings of the Houses of Parliament in Bridge Street. Mr. Howard is, nevertheless, believed to be a convinced supporter of the Women's Suffrage movement; so that his introduction of this Bill to the House of Commons can only be regarded as a mystery. In this week's *Vanity Fair* Mr. Harris boasts that he has done everything he can for the suffragists. Unfortunately for them, however, Mr. Harris's devotion to anarchists of all kinds renders his support of the Women's Suffrage movement a not altogether unmixed blessing for the upholders of the movement. On the whole, it would appear that the friends of the suffragists do them almost as much damage as their enemies. To those who bear in mind the historic result of the far-famed contest between the two Kilkenny cats, this reflection is fraught with hopefulness. Meanwhile, a petition against the Bill, signed by two hundred and fifty thousand women, has been prepared and will be presented to Parliament. This is the first instalment of the signatures collected by the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League. It represents only a little more than six months' work; and, so far, many districts in England have not been approached at all; while in Wales and in Ireland respectively there is only one branch of the League established. All the women who have signed this petition are out-and-out opposers of any form whatever of female suffrage. So that, taking everything into consideration, what with the women who are in favour of the suffrage and the women who are against it, Mr. Howard's Bill is in a somewhat uncomfortable position. Meanwhile, Lady Carlisle, Mr. Howard's mother, and, needless to say, an advanced suffragist, has been demonstrating her patriotism by addressing one or other of the innumerable Liberal Ladies' Leagues on the inspiring subject of the necessity of promptly reducing our armaments. Lady Carlisle can scarcely be considered fortunate in the moment she has chosen for making her demonstration; and perhaps if she had waited until after the debate on the Naval Estimates she might have come to the conclusion that it would be wiser to hold her peace, both in her own interests and in the interests of woman's suffrage.

The kind gentleman who has been at pains to make himself acquainted with the inside of the mind of the editor of the *Saturday Review* sends us a letter which he asks us to print on personal grounds and "without any further reference to the respective merits of the weekly reviews." Here you have an ingenious soul, anxious on the one hand to express himself, and equally anxious on the other to confuse and deface the issue. We must request our correspondent to say his personal say in what appears to be his own paper—namely the *Saturday Review*. And we must remind him that we have not yet made any "reference" at all to the respective merits of the weekly reviews. Our

comments have been concerned with a variety of pieces of "poetry" which have lately appeared in the columns of our contemporaries, and which appeared to us to be faulty and unworthy pieces of poetry. We have not compared them, one with the other, and we have never said that the poetry in our own columns is beyond criticism. What we require from the friends of the imperfect poet—that is to say, if we are to be confuted—is a declaration that the verses about "he-goats sad" which appeared lately in the *Saturday* are the kind of verses which one has the right to expect from such an organ. It is obvious on the face of it that they were bad and illiterate verses, and in the literary sense discreditable to the *Saturday Review*. And it is obvious, too, that the editor who prints such verses is not to be congratulated on his gifts as a judge of poetry. With the necessary changes, the same remarks apply to the remaining "poems" and the remaining editors involved. There, so far as we are concerned, the matter must rest, and we shall not entertain further correspondence on the subject, unless, as we have said, some critic will assert over his name that the poems we have criticised are without spot and without blemish. "You're another" won't do.

Mr. Clement Shorter has not availed himself of our offer to provide space for a list of "mechanical" and inferior poems which, according to himself, occur in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." We may conclude, therefore, that discretion is the better part of valour for Mr. Shorter, as for lesser men. He can no more "prick the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'" than he can prick the moon with the end of his fountain pen. The bubble to be pricked is the critic of poetry called Shorter. We will prick him next week with innumerable pricks.

The polite world will rejoice to hear that Mr. Horatio Bottomley is "unmuzzled" and that his "letter bag" is crammed with "thousands of kindly messages which have showered in upon me since the collapse of the Guildhall proceedings. . . . From every part of the country—and, indeed, from distant parts of the Empire; from people in every walk of life; from the Bench, the Bar, and the Press; in the House of Commons, from Cabinet Ministers to door-keepers, I have been overwhelmed with congratulations and expressions of kindly regard." We shall not doubt Mr. Bottomley's word. On the other hand, it will give us a great deal of joy and pleasure to know the names of one Judge and one Cabinet Minister who have overwhelmed our young friend with congratulations and expressions of kindly regard. According to Mr. Bottomley's own showing he is now unmuzzled, and, consequently, he has no further grounds for reticent discretion. Meanwhile, though Mr. Vivian's name and pseudonym have disappeared entirely from *John Bull*, Mr. Bottomley offers no apology for his colleague's recent brutal impertinences towards Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, K.G. Running as he is, loose and without his muzzle, and having now leisure to set his journalistic house in order, Mr. Bottomley may, we hope, be shortly expected to express in *John Bull* at least as great a respect for the courage and public spirit of Lord Roberts as he indulges for the "splendid courage of Sir James Ritchie, one of the senior Aldermen of the City of London." Mr. Bottomley is proposing to "unite his readers to form themselves into a great League of Common Sense," the motto of which league is to be "No humbug, no cant, no namby-pamby, grandmotherly interference with the liberties of grown-up men and women." It is a noble scheme, and as a preliminary exercise in commonsense and a sample of what he can do when he is put to it, Mr. Bottomley must apologise to Lord Roberts

THE GOLDFINCH

I WANDERED hearkening, in an April wood,
While all around me in harmonious flood
Rose the clear singing of the brotherhood
Of wing and feather.

Shyly the linnets hid and twittered there
Larks circled upward in the ambient air
Whitethroat and willow-wren and whistling stare
Singing together.

One beyond others in the joyful throng
Piped in the apple-trees the whole day long
Crystal in utterance a wind-swift song
Divinely fluted.

Lightly the goldfinch, e'er he lit to sing
Spread the pale yellow of his painted wing
He that bears record of his ministering
In hues transmuted.

His be the praise of the first Lententide!
Seeking the wooden cross where Jesus died
This bird the nail within the hand espied
And tried to ease it.

Lightly he fluttered on a tender wing
Held in a slender beak the cruel thing
Still with a gentle might endeavouring
But to release it.

Then as he strove spake One—a dying space—
"Bear for thy pity as a mark of grace
Semblance of this, My blood, upon thy face
A living glory.

So while the generations come and go
While the earth blossoms and the waters flow
Children may honour thee and mankind know
Thy loving story."

Lord! of dominion over man and beast
That out of nothing madest great and least
Thine everlasting praise hath never ceased
From heavenly choir.

Hear even now in these awakening days
Rise from the meadowland and orchard ways
Anthem and madrigal and roundelays
That never tire.

Grant unto us of the untoward will
Holden of utterance, in praise to still
Some of this *jouissance* our hearts to fill
And our mute voices.

So shalt thou gather in returning Springs
Some mortal knowledge of celestial things
So shall we praise thee in the mind that brings
Life that rejoices.

PAMELA TENNANT.

"THE ACADEMY" AND "THE DAILY NEWS"

IN its issue of Tuesday last the *Daily News* published a letter from Dr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead, under the heading of "Rome and the Press." In the course of this letter Dr. Horton committed himself to the following extraordinary statement:

Some well-known organs, e.g., the "Academy," have passed into Roman hands. That once famous literary paper now passes its verdict on our current literature with the bias of Rome. Good books are those which favour Rome. Books which criticise or oppose Rome are, *ipso facto*, bad.

We consider this passage to be entirely libellous, and, coming as it does from the pen of Dr. Horton, we believe it to be maliciously libellous. In any case, Dr. Horton's statements are absolutely false and without foundation, and his letter as a whole, though it pretends to deal with the Press at large, reflects only on THE ACADEMY, which is the only paper mentioned, with the exception of the admittedly Roman Catholic organs. To say, as Dr. Horton says, flatly, that from THE ACADEMY's point of view "good books are those which favour Rome," and "books which criticise or oppose Rome are, *ipso facto*, bad," is preposterous on the face of it; and to suggest, as Dr. Horton suggests, that THE ACADEMY is a veiled organ of the Roman Church and is really in Roman hands, and, consequently, that its owners and managers are in the pay of Rome, and are concerned to "suppress everything that tells against Rome and give undue prominence to everything that tells in her favour," is sheerly false. On Tuesday evening we saw the *Daily News* and pointed out that the whole of Dr. Horton's allegations were untrue and without foundation. We also pointed out that such statements were calculated seriously to injure the reputation of the paper and seriously to damage it in its business concerns, and we expected that the *Daily News* would take immediate steps to make some show of amends for what had occurred and would hasten to assure its readers that it had committed itself to what was untrue, and that it was sorry for what it had done.

On Wednesday morning, however, the *Daily News* printed in its leader columns a paragraph with the title:

"THE ACADEMY."

A REPLY TO DR. HORTON.

In this paragraph our contemporary simply reproduced the facts on which it should have based an apology, and wound up in the appended terms:

We have pleasure in publishing this disclaimer, and regret that we should inadvertently have been the medium of misrepresenting the conduct of our contemporary.

Now, the editor of the *Daily News* is not so unskilled in his profession as to be unaware of the very great difference between "A Reply to Dr. Horton" and "An Apology from the *Daily News*." Yet he tops up what he will, no doubt, call an apology with headlines which, so far from suggesting that the *Daily News* is apologising, suggests, and, indeed, says, that THE ACADEMY is replying to Dr. Horton. In point of fact, there is nothing in Dr. Horton's wanton and malicious attack on the *bona fides* of this paper to which we should deign to reply, and as to the *Daily News*' "inadvertence" there could have been no possible inadvertence, because it is the duty of a newspaper about to make foul charges against another newspaper, and charges which involve the honour of the editor of that newspaper, to verify its statements before proceeding to publish them. The

editor of the *Daily News* can have made no sort of inquiry into the matter, and he published his libel on the sole word of Dr. Horton, who, we take it, is as fallible as the next man. As for Dr. Horton himself, he "apologises" in Thursday's issue of the *Daily News*, but under the misleading titles:

ROME AND THE PRESS.

DR. HORTON'S REPLY.

Not a word here as to THE ACADEMY or as to apologies—and he says:

Sir,—I deeply regret that I have been misinformed about the "Academy," and my error has involved you in the difficulty which you meet by your paragraph this morning. Permit me through your columns to offer a sincere apology to the editor and the directors of that journal. What misled me was that a copy was sent to me containing a review of a book of mine, entitled "My Belief." Or rather it was not a review, but a violent tirade against me from the Roman point of view.

I was surprised at this polemical bias in a literary journal, and on inquiry from a journalistic friend I was told that the "Academy" had passed into Roman Catholic hands. I did not resent it, nor was I astonished. I simply supposed it to be a fact. No one, I think, who read the article I referred to, entitled, I think, "The Logic of Dissent," could blame me for drawing the inference, or for believing the statement which seemed to explain it.

But in view of what you publish to-day, I beg to withdraw what I said, and to express my thankfulness that the journal as a whole is Protestant.

May I, however, point out how the episode illustrates my main contention? Even where the editor and managers of a paper are Protestant, the Roman influence finds a way to dictate the treatment of a book which advocates Protestant principles. Sorry as I am to have misrepresented the "Academy," I cannot alter my general view of Roman work in the Press.—Yours, etc.,

March 17th.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

We shall refrain from comment at the present juncture, but we shall give Dr. Horton and the *Daily News* an opportunity of going a little more thoroughly into the affairs of THE ACADEMY than they appear to have thought worth while before promulgating their libels.

MR. ARCHER'S TWO GUINEAS

WE called attention last week to an advertisement which is appearing in the *Author*, and we pointed out that, in our opinion, this advertisement, while perfectly legitimate in its way, might conceivably be misconstrued by inexperienced dramatic authors. The persons most nearly concerned in the affair are, of course, Mr. William Archer, whose name is flourished right through the announcement, and the editor of the *Author*. From the editor of the *Author* and from the Authors' Society we hear nothing, probably because they have absolutely nothing to say. Mr. Archer, however, being of a less reticent disposition, has sent us the following letter, which we print with a great deal of pleasure:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

March 15th, 1909.

SIR,—While appreciating the concern of THE ACADEMY for my "good name" and "professional dignity," I must beg leave to doubt whether they are so gravely imperilled as your article of last Saturday suggests. Indeed, as you have thought it your duty to quote Messrs. Brown and Massie's announcement in full, I am quite willing to leave your readers to judge for themselves whether there are any good grounds for your solicitude. The only point on which I can imagine a difference of opinion among people whose opinion I value, is the question whether there is anything "infra dig" (to use your own expression) in the

appearance of my name in such an advertisement. If on this point any good man censures me, I am sorry, yet not seriously disturbed. If I have a book to sell or a lecture to deliver, no code of etiquette forbids me to advertise the fact; and I fail to see any difference of principle between delivering a lecture in public, and delivering an opinion—which also, by the way, is apt to be a lecture—in private. If one has honest wares to sell, why should one not take any frank and legitimate means of bringing the fact to the knowledge of possible buyers? It is not frank advertisement that disgraces either a man or his calling: it is the underhand and disguised advertisement, the puff insidious and oblique. When I am found guilty of that, I shall bow to the reproof of anyone who has the dignity of his and my profession sincerely at heart.

For the rest, I do not see that there is a single word in Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's announcement that can convey the slightest false impression to any playwright or would-be playwright, however inexperienced. If one is to give an opinion on plays at all, it is absolutely inevitable that one should state whether, and on what conditions, that opinion may be shown to managers. To make such a statement is not to claim one jot or tittle of influence. My record, as you are good enough to point out, is a long one, and is perfectly open to inspection: the playwright must judge for himself, or must take independent advice, as to whether my opinion is likely to help or to hinder the chances of his play. As a matter of fact, there are some managers who would attach some weight to my praise, others with whom it would weigh less than nothing; and I should be perfectly willing to tell an author whether, in my judgment, he ought or ought not to show my report to this manager or that. But I welcome this opportunity of declaring explicitly—what I think is pretty clearly implied in Messrs. Brown and Massie's announcement—that it is not primarily in relation to managers that I hope and believe that I can be of service to playwrights. My particular function is not that of a manager's "taster," but rather that of a consulting physician. Sometimes I have to pronounce a play incurable, sometimes to suggest a course of treatment which may rescue the germs of vitality in a piece which shows talent but is anæmic or misshapen. Very rarely does a play come to me in such a form that I can encourage the author to take it, as it stands, to any manager whatsoever. I may, of course, prove to be an unskilful and unhelpful consultant. In that case—if my services are not worth the modest fee charged for them—my practice will doubtless be very small. But if I had received even that modest fee for each of the plays I have read gratuitously during the past twenty years, I should now be a considerably richer man than I am.—Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Mr. Archer is wrong in supposing that we are concerned in the least for his good name or his professional reputation. Indeed, we suggested that by lending himself to the purposes of Messrs. Brown and Massie's advertisement he injures both his good name and his reputation, and, what is more, he makes it quite evident that his respect for the profession of his adoption is not huge. In his reply, which does credit to his desire that he should not be misunderstood, Mr. Archer is careful to indicate that he does not value our opinion and that he considers us to be other than good and sincere men. It is human of him to take this view. On the other hand, we have no desire to secure his kind appreciation, neither do we require from him a certificate as to our good faith in dealing with a public matter. We have to repeat that Messrs. Brown and Massie's advertisement contains the following paragraph:

The fact that a play has been submitted to Mr. Archer will be treated by him and by us as confidential, or the author is at liberty to show Mr. Archer's opinion to managers, actors, etc., if he so desires. *It would manifestly be misleading, however, to quote detached phrases or make garbled extracts from a detailed criticism. Mr. Archer, therefore, leaves it to the author's sense of fairness to show to managers, etc., the whole opinion if he shows any part of it.*

We shall take leave to inquire of Mr. Archer upon what grounds it is that he permits the passage we have quoted to appear in Messrs. Brown and Massie's invitation to pay him fees? He may answer that he is most anxious to safeguard the honour of ambitious authors, and that he is most anxious that "managers, etc.," should not be misled by ambitious authors who happen also to be unscrupulous authors. Nobody will deny that such anxieties are praiseworthy in Mr. Archer, and that he has a right to indulge them if it so pleases them. At the same time, the obvious and unmistakable innuendo which is likely to be conveyed, either with or without Mr. Archer's conscious desire, by the words we have quoted, is that Mr. Archer's favourable word is a most useful and valuable asset to a dramatic author seeking acceptance; and that it is so useful and valuable, indeed, that Mr. Archer finds it necessary to give warning that authors should not use it in a disingenuous or unfair manner. Now we say that to a dramatic author of any experience the whole suggestion is so much balderdash. Every author who has been through the mill knows perfectly well that Mr. Archer's unqualified approval will be of no more use to him than a headache, at any rate in the marketing of his dramatic produce; and if after giving such an author his approval Mr. Archer were to implore him not to put it to unfair purposes, the author would smile discreetly in his sleeve and wonder what was happening to Mr. Archer's wits. We hold that the paragraph as a whole is either absolutely superfluous or that it is intended to produce a certain effect in the minds of the inexperienced, and that in any case it will create an undesirable impression, not to say wild anticipation, among the fee-paying aspirants for dramatic glory.

It will be noticed that Mr. Archer leaves this particular issue outside his reply. It is not a new issue, being, in fact, the principal issue raised by us last week. We are glad to observe that our advertising friend desires to be very explicit in the columns of THE ACADEMY. We think, however, and we said as much in our previous article, that the place in which he should take care to be explicit is his own advertisement. With a view to being explicit in THE ACADEMY he would fain figure as a sort of "consulting physician" to the drama. His business, he says, does not lie "primarily in relation to managers," and he says, further, "very rarely does a play come to me in such a form that I encourage the author to take it as it stands to any manager whatever." We are to assume, therefore, that managers really do not concern Mr. Archer, and that he receives fees for suggesting improvements or alterations in hopeless dramatic work, which improvements and alterations will render the work worth submitting to managers who are likely to do business. We can conceive the possibility of this being so, but we do not consider it at all probable. If it be so we can only congratulate the incompetent upon the ease and economy with which it is possible for them to convert their banal and meretricious works into promising plays by reference to Mr. Archer. We shall not say that Mr. Archer is a bad physician, but he is a physician who, according to his own showing, considers it "proper to advertise." We are all aware that physicians in other lines of therapeutics who advertise are never above announcing to the public the plain facts as to the cures they bring about. Will Mr. Archer oblige us with a few instances? Is there a single play now being performed in a London or provincial theatre, or, for that matter, in an American theatre, or a Continental theatre, which, prior to its acceptance, was submitted to Mr. Archer and criticised by him for a fee, and through the agency of Messrs. Brown and Massie? We do not know that there is no such play. For anything we are in a position to assert to the contrary, every play at present before the public in

London may have been doctored for a fee by Mr. Archer, and we trust Mr. Archer will not imagine we are too hard on him when we remark that some of them appear to have been doctored by very bad hands indeed. But we should like a specific instance, and we think that such an instance would be valuable not only in clearing up Mr. Archer's position, but also in emphasising and rendering still more attractive Messrs. Brown and Massie's excellent advertisement. It is all very well for Mr. Archer to mention that he has given many people advice for nothing. Most of us give advice for nothing because, as a general rule, advice about the arts is without money and without price, and only the immature wish to buy it.

With the struggling person in any art one cannot deal too tenderly; nothing is sadder or more pitiable than the situation of that large body of persons whose ambitions are out of all proportion to their talents. We can remember the time when pretty well every young person who could trail a pen imagined that he or she was a heaven-sent poet. It is the fashion now to tell all such persons that the ability to write a considerable poem is very rare, and that a novel or a play is the thing to attempt. In point of fact, it is more difficult to obtain recognition and success as a playwright than it is to obtain recognition and a modest share of success as a poet; for obviously there are fifty times as many editors as there are theatrical managers, and printing a poem is a trifling matter as compared with the staging and production of a play. Mr. Archer is just as well acquainted with these facts as we are. If he wishes to be explicit and frank with the youths and maidens who are painfully saving up thirty shillings or two guineas for his opinion of their dramatic efforts, his advertisements should make it abundantly clear that Mr. Archer's opinion can be only of the slightest weight when the hard business of acceptance and production is toward. He is quite within his rights when he asserts that he can give advice and assistance to dramatic authors in the literary sense, but he has no right to hint that his word is so powerful among managers, etc., that he finds it necessary to stipulate that it should not be garbled or denuded of its reservations or qualifications. And if his friends imagine (as he would lead us to believe) that he is justified in accepting fees from authors who in their turn imagine that with his favourably-written opinion in their pockets they are on the high road to dramatic success we shall content ourselves by saying only that his friends are woefully wrong. The best of doctors can do nothing with the stillborn, and ninety-nine plays out of a hundred written by persons who happen to be so infantile in the literary sense that they will part with a fee for anybody's opinion are stillborn.

REVIEWS

SUPERSTITION

Psyche's Task. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

"PSYCHE'S TASK" is one of those ornamental titles to learned and subtle treatises which Dr. Frazer, of the Golden Bough, has learnt from Ruskin to invent so cleverly. Its significance is pointed by a sentence from Milton's "Areopagitica": "Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds, which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull and sort asunder, were not more intermixt." No one knows better than

Dr. Frazer that the bush is a continually appropriate sign of good vintage, as it is but a temporary covert for bad, and no living English writer has a better right to hoist the sign, for he has to offer not only sound and wholesome drink, but that of the finest quality, of variously reminiscent bouquet, limpid as water, and of those alluring colours which give more than half its satisfaction to the palate. In the present volume Dr. Frazer is almost too wholesomely precise, for he tells us its object more than twice with unvarying distinctness. He is quite right; the age is so enlightened that he will be misunderstood if possible. His object is fourfold, and he presents it to us in four chapters, from the second to the fifth, adding a Preface which calls to mind that he is printing the substance of a lecture at the Royal Institute; an Introduction; and a Conclusion.

He starts with the axiom that superstition is an evil "false in itself." He continues: "That it has done much harm in the world cannot be denied. It has sacrificed countless lives, wasted untold treasures, embroiled nations, severed friends, parted husbands and wives, parents and children, putting swords, and worse than swords, between them; it has filled gaols and madhouses with its innocent or deluded victims; it has broken many hearts, embittered the whole of many a life, and not content with persecuting the living, it has pursued the dead into the grave and beyond it, gloating over the horrors which its foul imagination has conjured up to appal and torture the survivors." And he professes to make "a plausible plea for a very dubious client." He makes it probable, he might safely assert that he proves, by examples "that among *certain races* and at *certain stages* of evolution *some* social institutions which we all, or *most of us, believe to be beneficial* have *partially* rested on a basis of Superstition." The words italicised here are of the essence of Dr. Frazer's argument, and he must be taken as strictly confining himself within the bounds which they define.

Dr. Frazer's second remark is: "No institution founded wholly on falsehood can be permanent. If it does not answer to some real human need, if its foundations are not laid broad and deep in the nature of things, it must perish, and the sooner the better." The four social institutions which Dr. Frazer contends have rested somewhat, somewhere, and under some conditions on Superstition are Government, Private Property, Marriage, and Respect for Human Life. Except in the pleasure of reading Dr. Frazer's treatise in its entirety, it is unnecessary to follow him through the innumerable particular instances of superstitious practice which he cites. Whatever forms Superstition as here treated of takes, they are of the nature of Taboo, regarded not as the system which the word also signifies, but as the energy proceeding from a certain quality. Taboo is especially prominent in relation to Property. The quality of which Taboo is the energy, whether it be called Mana, or nicknamed *angustitas*, or described as a sort of official persona or hypostasis, is most evident in Government. The superstitions which underlie Marriage and Respect for Human Life are founded on analogous but slightly different feelings; those concerning marriage on an idea of pollution, a material infection of sin; those concerning respect for human life more purely on fear, particularly on fear of which the ultimate cause is the most material of all causes of fear, the idea of something which cannot be tested by the tried exercise of the senses. It may be taken as granted that Dr. Frazer does prove that these four institutions do rest partially on Superstition, under the conditions which he enumerates. Since it was his object to establish the thesis that benefits may follow Superstition, not to say that it may be their contributory cause, it was the

more necessary for him, in order to make his position clear, to insist at the outset on the axiom that Superstition is an evil "unmitigated," not only "false in itself," but also "pernicious in its consequences." The fact that ultimate good comes out of it is no evidence that it is other than evil. The issue of good from evil, the forging of evil desires into virtues, is one of the ideas suggested by the precept, "Overcome evil with good." Evil is the rock in which the human will quarries jewels, the dry bough from which it carves golden fruit. Nor can Dr. Frazer be supposed to regard Superstition, though "an unmitigated evil" and "false in itself," as absolute evil, for if it were it would be a second principle equipotent with the Absolute Good. Since the nature of all things except God is conditional, Dr. Frazer must be understood to be using conditional phraseology. In that sense his treatise gives rise to the question: Is Superstition in itself evil at all?

In the first place, Superstition might be roughly described as "belief contrary to experience," in contradistinction to Faith—a subject which Dr. Frazer resolutely puts out of the question—for which the phrase "belief without experience" may serve. Excluding its effect from the question, which has been already done (since the effect of any motive measures its utility and not the quality of its nature, and Superstition, according to Dr. Frazer, would thus be partly good on account of its effects), Superstition is good or evil according to the object of its super-credence. Superstition which exaggerates the power of evil is evil; the belief that the souls of the departed are all wholly malicious is an evil superstition. Superstition which outruns experience in recognising the omnipotence of good cannot be evil. The man who trusts after seven infidelities believes contrary to experience; the man who trusts after seventy times seven is superstitious indeed. Similarly it may be an evil symptom, but is not so necessarily. It represents a tendency of the mind very often co-existing with brutality, and also, as Dr. Frazer points out, in the case of many primitive tribes, with great intelligence. It does not imply credulity; on the contrary, many conspicuously superstitious persons have been, and still are, highly sceptical as regards particular evidence, while many who regard Superstition with horror, are grossly credulous in material matters. In modern times many acute minds tend to Superstition because of the large demands made on their credulity by the constant blundering of conclusions founded solely on experience. Conversely, the opposite cast of minds hate it, because it admits a power beyond experience, and its existence raises the question whether the phenomena most subject to experience, material phenomena, constitute the only good.

Is not, indeed, Superstition also evil when it represents the dregs of false knowledge, and good if it be the forerunner of true, however far it may have out-distanced it? Who knows how often it is the forerunner? There are superstitions common to the whole human race. Who knows whether these, whether some even of those existing among the savage races described by Dr. Frazer, are not of the arcana of past or future wisdom, retrospective or prospective instincts? For have not superstitions before now been overtaken by experience? Has the progress of humanity never been kept back by the refusal to hold the mind suspended concerning the objects of Superstition, on the ground that such objects are non-existent? If Superstition is, strictly speaking, "an unmitigated evil, false in itself," it must be always evil, and everywhere. During the course of man's steady movement upwards, to which Dr. Frazer alludes, it appeared to advanced minds that the belief in eternal fire was grossly superstitious, on the grounds

that heat without combustion was contrary to experience. We are here concerned with the grounds of objection, not with the belief in the connection in which it excited controversy. Many superstitious persons refused to reject the belief on those grounds. Is it now a superstition to believe that Nature may consume without combustion? At a sufficient distance of time from Minos to admit of progress, enlightened scholars laughed at the superstitions of ages so dark as to credit such stories as his very existence. It is not superstitious to believe in his existence now.

There is one other question already alluded to, suggested incidentally by Dr. Frazer's treatise, but not unconnected with Superstition: *Does man move steadily upwards?* Is the human race more excellent in kind than at a period of its evolution corresponding to the family of Adam? Regarding it on its material side only, it is a question too vast to be discussed here, but the continual upward movement cannot be accepted as an axiom, even if Dr. Frazer intends to allude to it as such, which must not be asserted. Does not Humanity rather flow and ebb, in its subdivisions of peoples that rise and fall, in the gleaming and fading of different faculties at different periods? But such spiritual questions as Dr. Frazer taboos wisely are too pervading to be utterly excluded. Whether the human race is collectively perfectible or no, no man doubts within his own consciousness that every man can move steadily upward if he will. "A man doth not yield even unto death utterly, save only by the weakness of his feeble will." Every man can perfect himself; what thought of the human race present or to come impells him to do it? Who, untouched in his personal affections, is less happy since the destruction of Messina; and what has the human race done to prevent such occurrences?

THE SPANISH CAPITAL

Madrid. By A. F. CALVERT. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

To the average Englishman with a healthy interest in foreign countries Spain is singularly untravelled ground. He will visit Switzerland or Tyrol or the famous corners of Italy year after year, but the idea of a sojourn in the sunny domains of King Alfonso never occurs to him, or, if it does, is set aside as out of the question. Yet, if he wishes to avoid the tedious journey across France, from the Thames the traveller can voyage very pleasantly to Bordeaux (as the author of this book might have mentioned), whence the railway is at his service, and the Spanish frontier comparatively near at hand, while other ports farther south offer alternative routes for those with more time at their disposal.

In this "Spanish Series" of illustrated monographs, Mr. Calvert is doing good work in familiarising English readers with the aspects of the most celebrated cities and districts, and the latest volume to appear is quite up to the standard we have been led to expect. The capital of Spain presents a curious blending of the modern and the old, the life of the Parisian and the customs of ancient days; it receives also, of course, a lustre of additional importance from its honourable position as the centre of Court affairs. The slum and the regions of squalor which form so lamentable a feature of our own chief city do not appear to flourish beneath these more brilliant skies. Why is it that London has attained so undesirable an eminence in this respect? Even the work-girls wear a rose and carry a fan when possible. Small wonder is it that the land has produced great poets and artists; we have in the book before us brief accounts of many men whose fame has extended far beyond the limits of their own language. In art, the supreme Velasquez, Berruguete, Goya; in literature, Quevedo, the immortal Cervantes,

Lope de Vega (who is said to have written plays to the astonishing number of eighteen hundred), and in our own times Galdós and Valdés; these and others have kept the roll of honour unbroken.

The chapter devoted to churches and public buildings has a lengthy and interesting description of the Escorial, from which we take a pertinent comment upon that inquisitive attribute of humanity which, unless sternly repressed, leads too often to the ruin of things that should be held as inviolable:

Twenty-six marble urns placed in niches round the chamber (of the Pantheon) contain all that was mortal of the monarchs of Spain and their consorts from Charles V. to Alfonso XII., Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. excepted. There are tombs, too, awaiting the living. . . . As one ascends to the living world from these awful chambers, the question suggests itself, what is the object of it all? The Pyramids of Nile ought to have convinced man once for all of the hopelessness of any effort to preserve his body unprofaned and solemnly housed through all the years. No matter how great the dynasty, how strong the tomb, the day must come when the jealously and reverently guarded ashes will form the prey of some ghoulish invader. With Rameses exposed to the gaze of wondering Cockneys, with Alexander's tomb an object of curiosity to tourists in the museum at Stamboul, with the tombs of the kings of Judah explored on all-fours by Cook's trippers, how can one hope for an eternal immunity from profanation for the Invalides, for Westminster, for the Escorial? Kings ought to have learnt the lesson that in the pages of history alone can they look for an earthly immortality.

These sentiments must be taken *cum grano salis*; Mr. Calvert does not consider what the world would have lost had there been no Pyramids, no Escorial, no Westminster.

Any work dealing with Madrid which allowed no space to the sport of bull-fighting would be open to a charge of serious disproportion. It forms a curious study in racial differences, the hold this spectacle has on the people of Spain, and the mixed feelings with which an Englishman views the *corrida*. "Whatever may have been the origin of these contests," says the author, "it is certain that since the days of the Moors the bull-fight has endured as the chief recreation of all classes of the population":

There is in no other country any sport that can be compared with it in importance and in the sway of its fascination upon the public. . . . The hold which this pastime has upon the Spanish imagination is so strong that it is a part of the national character, as deep-seated as the sentiments of piety and loyalty, and as powerful as the feeling of patriotism. King or peasant, man or woman, every native of Spain is a lover of the *corrida*; every child plays at bull-fighting as soon as he can walk; and every youth who would be thought manly and a true son of Spain, yearns to emulate the courage and the dexterity of the *espada*.

The sight of the Plaza de Toros on the day of a great *corrida* leaves an impression that will not quickly fade from the memory. In the *palcos de sombra* (seats in the shade) are the rank, beauty, and wealth of Madrid, while packed in the humbler seats is a vast mass of the people. The ladies wear mantillas, and carry fans, which flutter the whole time; and animation, devoid of any trace of rough behaviour, characterises the immense crowd. A tense hush falls on the throng when the first bull of the day bounds in from the dark *toril*, and confronts his gaily-attired persecutors in the big arena. During the fight the spectators grow excited almost to the verge of frenzy. There is a roar of voices, and the sound of canes struck upon the benches, an indescribable din, which reaches its height when a popular *espada* delivers a dexterous thrust of the blade into the neck of the baffled and infuriated *toro*. While the combat proceeds, there are alternating comments of "Bravo, toro," as the bull shows courage, and groans and hisses when the animal displays cowardice or apathy. Both the bull and the men must act their parts with zeal, energy, and bravery, or the crowd is disappointed, and wont to express disapprobation in an unqualified manner.

Codes of rules are drawn up and books are published about the "art" of the bull-fighter; but one writer sums up the matter thus:

Bull-fighting is very simple; you place yourself in front

of the bull, the bull comes, and you move away; you do not move away, then the bull moves you away. And there you are.

A special word of praise is due to the fine series of plates, which numbers 453, and occupies more than half the volume. The photographic reproductions are in most cases excellent, though occasionally a crowded picture inevitably suffers from the contraction of detail. The churches and architectural splendours are fully represented, while the illustrations of old armour and the score or so of photographs depicting phases of the national sport are among the best. A short chapter on the life at the various *cafés* concludes a book for which the worst that can be said is that some of the plates might have been deleted (they sometimes repeat themselves too freely), and more pages of text added touching on the modern life of the city and its commercial bearings; but as Mr. Calvert has seen fit to give a capital *résumé* of the historical and political story of Madrid, we will not press the point, which, after all, is necessarily a matter for the reader's personal taste.

"NATURAL MONOPOLY"

Natural Monopolies, in Relation to Social Democracy.
By CHARLES DARWENT SMITH. (London: A. C. Fifield, 1909.)

THIS book is the acceptance of a challenge. He must be a bold man who enters the lists against Mr. W. H. Mallock's ability, whether original or directive. Certainly Mr. C. D. Smith is lacking neither in hardihood nor assurance. In the preface he tells us that his purpose in writing was two-fold:

First, by exposing the weakness of Mr. Mallock's theory of the relation between labour and ability, to upset his criticism of Socialism which is founded upon it; and, secondly, to establish an alternative theory.

Mr. Smith admits that Mr. W. H. Mallock is "unquestionably the ablest champion who has yet taken the field against Socialism." This admission must naturally produce a certain self-conscious superiority in having (as he considers) completely routed the champion. But a careful examination of Mr. Smith's work brings us to the judgment (if we may vary the metaphor) that his own case is not proven. In the first place, Mr. Smith often speaks of his opponent as "begging the question." To us he appears to do the same himself over and over again. For example:

The function of original ability is not to produce.

Neither circulating capital nor wage-capital are capital at all.

The goods in which a merchant deals are not capital, but wealth.

Ability of itself can produce nothing.

Ability is not the efficient cause of production at all.

The whole result of increased productivity having been absorbed between the inventor and the capitalist its value to the rest of the world is nothing at all.

The special rewards paid to the monopolist of special powers are not earned, since earnings, as I showed in chapter VI., depend upon the quantity, not the kind of labour.

Some knowledge of logic might have warned Mr. Smith of the danger of universal negations. Let us examine one of them, the last, and let us suppose that Mr. Smith reeled off this book in two months, a feat which we can well believe a writer of his "special powers" could easily have accomplished; and let us further suppose that his publishers paid this "monopolist" a "special reward" of £50, a sum larger than the wage of an agricultural labourer for a whole year's hard work, ploughing, ditching, sowing, reaping: will Mr. Smith seriously allege that he has not earned that fifty pounds? Mr. Smith contends that his book "will have been produced by the labour of an infinite number of people, living and dead, and the labour of each

one of them will have been absolutely indispensable? True; but equally the labour of others reaching far back into the past was indispensable to the work of the agricultural labourer. But remembering that "ability of itself can produce nothing," we are naturally very interested to know by what mysterious force Mr. Smith produced the MS. of his book. And when his book was handed over to his army of "booksellers, printers, proof readers, bookbinders, compositors, etc., etc.," seeing that their ability of itself can produce nothing, what the digamma was the special power which produced it? And what is the efficient cause of production? To this problem we find no sufficient answer. It is a mystery too deep for Mr. Smith's ability or philosophy.

Of course, in a well-organised Socialistic State Mr. Smith would hand over his MS. to the State, who would give him two months' wages for the quantity of work produced. But that day is, fortunately for the progress of civilisation, far distant. Still it would be a cheerful and inspiring sight, as well as a glorious object-lesson in practical Socialism, to see Mr. C. D. Smith on, say, the 1st of April next with a wheel-barrow full of pennies, distributing the balance of £50, which he had not earned, to his army of booksellers, printers, etc., etc.

In considering Mr. W. H. Mallock's theory of "directive ability" Mr. Smith refers to the illustration of the shipyard, which, under an able manager, produced two ships in a year instead of one, and cites what Mr. Mallock called Mill's Great Blunder, that it is unmeaning to say of two conditions necessary for producing an effect that so much is produced by one and so much by the other. It is obvious that the effect is produced by the combination of the two effects in each case. But the varying result is produced by an added factor. Who adds that factor? Not the labourer, but the man of directive ability. Therefore he is entitled to "special reward."

If the labourers added the extra factor simply by working overtime they would be clearly entitled to the extra profit. Yet Mr. Smith is confident of Mr. Mallock's "great blunder" and his "palpable fallacies and confusions." Professor Stanley Jevons once observed that J. S. Mill had an essentially illogical mind.

Rent and interest, as one might expect, are the objects of Mr. Smith's special attack. It is instructive to notice that the real source of all Socialistic discontent can be traced to private ownership of land. Once admit this to be a valid wrong, then all private ownership follows by easy sequence, whether of a factory, a shop or a railway. So little knowledge has Mr. Smith of the growth of ownership of land that he observes it is unnecessary to speculate how ownership in land might originate. The development of primitive communities into the modern social state is for him a matter of no account. Hence his theory of rent is evolved out of his own inner consciousness, and bears but a remote relation to actual fact. Anyone who receives rent or interest of any kind is to him "a parasite whom the community is under no natural necessity of supporting." This sweeping statement would include a working man or skilled artisan, who by forty years' hard manual labour saved a thousand pounds, and invested it in a mine or a railway. But Mr. Smith's objection to interest is "that the recipient has not done any service to the community equivalent to the wealth he receives"—another of his universal negatives. As an example of his lucidity of definition we submit the following:

What is fifty thousand pounds? It is in itself neither capital nor anything else, but only a general recognition of the power of owning wealth to that value.

The possession of that sum constitutes a monopoly of power, and, therefore, the individual must be deprived of an asset which is dangerous to the State. That it

may be usefully employed does not seem to enter into Mr. Smith's calculations. In fact, he objects to all natural monopolies of power, whether brains or original gifts or artistic skill, if they bring the monopolist any maximum special reward. The Socialistic State will encourage all such individualistic gifts and work by fixing a "minimum definite reward."

Throughout this book we observe a truly wonderful self-assurance.

"As I said, Mr. Mallock has failed to establish" . . .

"Mr. Mallock's hopeless perplexities" . . . "his wandering befogged to a conclusion amazingly preposterous."

"The nature of Mr. Mallock's fallacy is obvious enough."

"This rubbishy piece of twaddle."

"If Mr. Mallock means . . . he is still talking nonsense."

"I do not know that I need discuss Mr. Mallock's objection that" . . .

Having read most of Mr. Mallock's works, we consider that his reputation will survive the publication of this book. Whether the author's will or not is a matter on which we offer no opinion.

"A DESTRUCTIVE CRITIC"

Military Needs and Military Policy. By the RIGHT HON. H. O. ARNOLD FORSTER. (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS book was published on the 11th instant. The distinguished author died on the 12th, and thus England is the poorer by the loss of a true patriot and an ardent Imperialist, and the House of Commons has lost one of its most skilled masters of controversy. Mr. Arnold Forster was a life-long student of history, in which he graduated in the First Class at Oxford. Above all, military history absorbed him, and he probed deep into the lore of the past for all that could be applied to the needs of the Empire which he loved. But he did not limit himself to the past. He kept close in touch with the military spirit of the day. There are few soldiers who have witnessed the manoeuvres of foreign armies so often as he had, few sailors who have visited so many foreign shipping yards. Of the many books which Mr. Arnold Forster wrote, none gave greater pleasure to sailors and soldiers than "In a Conning Tower," the description of a modern sea fight. It is a masterpiece of realistic imagination. Such was the man whose last work we pass under review.

He explains its purpose: "To hasten, if maybe, the awakening of the nation from the hypnotic trance in which it has sunk during the last few years," and it contains close-searching criticisms of each section of our Army and of the military policy of the country. Lord Roberts has written an introduction in which his well-known views are tersely expressed, and in which he associates himself with the object with which Mr. Arnold Forster declares he wrote, while holding aloof from controversial issues. Above all, the Field-Marshal supports the author in his first article of belief that the Regular Army should be "strong in numbers and efficient in training." He disagrees in his scepticism as to the possibility of invasion.

We are dealing with an attack all along the line of the military defences of the country which now exist. It is, too, an indictment which includes the War Minister, the Army Council and many of our Generals, and hard hitting is used. Mr. Arnold Forster, as the last Minister for War, was once responsible for a scheme of Army reform. It was to produce, in effect, two Regular Armies—(1) A foreign service Army of 104 battalions (to deal with Infantry alone), of nine years' Colour service, three in the Reserve. But twenty-six of these battalions only were to be in England. (2) A Home Army of 71 battalions; service, two years with the Colours, six in the Reserve. The Army Council refused to pass the scheme, and

would have resigned if it had been insisted on—firstly, because they considered that recruiting would be impossible for an Army in which service would be almost entirely abroad; secondly, because the Reserve produced would have been wholly insufficient. The knowledge of this piece of administrative history is as necessary to a right understanding of the book under review as is the preface written by Mr. Arnold Forster. Now, the history of Mr. Haldane's administration, which we have here criticised, is briefly as follows:

(1) The Militia has been wiped out and a Special Reserve has been formed 15,000 less strong than the Militia.

(2) The Volunteers of all arms have been replaced by a Territorial Army 300,000 strong, a greater strength than that ever attained to by the Volunteers.

(3) The Regular Army has been organised into six Divisions ready for active service anywhere, but reduced nearly 19,000 men.

Let us begin with the Regular Army, which is, as the author considered, much the most important factor. The reduction is attacked. The Army was increased nearly 30,000 men in 1900 and the following years because it was found insufficient for the strain of war. But we must associate ourselves in deprecating the reductions before the Special Reserve and the Territorial Army were called into being.

The Special Reserve has been harshly dealt with. We are told that it was under strength (it is rapidly completing), that it is enlisted from men of lesser age and of inferior physique than the Militia, that it is not officered comparably as well as the old Constitutional Force, and that it cannot take the field under its own officers. But there is another side of the question. Militia regiments have, it is true, in most cases been found willing to go on active service. But what is required for units in the field is a supply of men to fill their ranks.

The Militia, represented in Parliament by the Duke of Bedford, claimed that they should go on service as battalions complete. A new battalion disorganises the Brigade to which it is sent. As the Militia refused to fill the gaps which occur in the Regular regiments, a force had to be created by which this can be done, and the Militia to a great extent has been merged in the Special Reserve. The author used all his powers of controversy, all his most destructive criticism, to underrate the value of this Reserve. We have full confidence that it will fulfil its functions in time of need. And the General who holds the greatest command in the Empire has expressed his delight at its creation.

It is difficult to understand Mr. Arnold Forster's hostility to the Territorial Army as a substitute for the Volunteers. We are told that it, too, was 100,000 under establishment (*i.e.*, when the book was written). It is probably to-day only 50,000 short, and has increased so rapidly that the County Associations are rather checking recruiting than pressing it forward, so as to prevent the completion of service of too great numbers simultaneously. No credit is given to the fact that what was once a series of disconnected, unprovided, unequipped Volunteer regiments is now a force distributed territorially in proportion to population, which is organised in Brigades and Divisions, and which is fast being provided with all the subsidiary services to make each unit a complete weapon of war. But we entirely agree that the weakness of the Territorial Force consists in its serious training for war only beginning when war begins.

Mr. Arnold Forster was not a believer in the possibility of invasion, and he ably deals with the question of raids, exposing fully the naval and military arguments in that relation. But he attacks very justly the removal of the mine fields round our principal naval

bases, which has been used as an excuse to reduce our most efficient and skilled Corps of Royal Engineers, in whose charge they were. He is unsparing of the policy (that of a Unionist Government in 1890) which dismantled the land defences of our naval bases, and which by this Government has been made the pretext for reducing the Garrison Artillery by over 5,000 men, a corps which will compare with any in the world for physique, intelligence and conduct. The means at our disposal for repelling raids, if made, are rather unfairly belittled, but the chapter devoted to the importance of putting into use the services of the population of our seaboard as Naval Volunteers cannot fail to appeal to any intelligent reader.

Mr. Haldane's habit of clear thinking aloud receives severe handling. The Minister for War thinks so clearly that the absolute reduction of our Regular Army by nearly 19,000 men (with a consequent reduction of Reserve) became at a political meeting at Guildford last November an increase of 90,000 men in the Expeditionary Force. Mr. Arnold Forster shows that of these 90,000, an increase of the Reserve, the result of Mr. Brodrick's three years' service enlistments, accounts for 40,000; another 30,000 are taken from the Special Reserve, and will not have been sufficiently trained to serve on equal terms with the Regular Army in separate units; and it is difficult to discover where the remaining 20,000 come from. Three other such instances of clear thinking are humorously and unsparingly laid bare.

Mr. Arnold Forster's last published word to us is that our *real need* (p. 156) is "an overwhelming Navy, an efficient system of maritime coast defence, and a Regular Army equal in quality to our best troops, such as the Royal Marines, the Guards, and the Royal Artillery—an Army capable of instant mobilisation, with a Reserve of 300,000 trained officers and men." We may not agree that "we can have these things at a cost exceedingly very slightly" our present War Budgets. We may not feel sure that there exists in the country a field of efficient voluntary recruiting to complete this need. But would that we could have them! We should feel very safe. Those who read this book will certainly be brought to think more closely of the military requirements of our country, and, whether they are convinced or not, will appreciate the skill with which the regretted author's convictions have been insisted on.

SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY

God With Us. By W. R. BOYCE GIBSON, M.A. (A. and C. Black.)

THE problems of spiritual laws and of theological philosophy in their relation to the conduct of life have exercised some of the richest and most commanding intellects of our time, and will never cease to supply excellent material for controversy as long as man retains his faculties of ratiocination and his desire to view fresh expanses of ethical fields from some new peak of thought. So inextricably involved are they with subsidiary and equally debatable positions of psychology—sometimes interdependent, sometimes separable, but nearly always correlated—that while the task of unravelling one or two of these abstruse arguments or of setting forth some novel aspect of the various logical points concerned, must invariably present itself in fascinating guise to a certain type of mind, yet to follow intelligently the reasoning processes of a thesis or rehabilitation of a thesis must be the portion of a few, a very few, of the outsiders into whose hands the discourse may fall. Professor Gibson has taken up his pen to expound these matters—not for the first time; and although in the nature of things his latest treatise will be limited to the appre-

ciation of those who have to some extent covered the same ground, scaled, if we may so express it, the lesser heights, yet it must be counted a work well done and worthy of the doing. It is a fine example of the art of close reasoning. The position assumed may be gathered from a paragraph which occurs towards the end of a most interesting chapter entitled "Universalism and the Problem of Evil":

Professor Knight cites the pertinent question, once put by a child of four years of age, "If God is everywhere, how can there be room for us?" The child could hardly suspect that, as Spirit, it might be God's presence that first brought with it that spiritual space which gives us our soul-room, the room to be ourselves, that we become our true selves only through the death into His life. And if it is as Love that God includes our being, then that which is most precious for us, our freedom and our selfhood, must be most inviolate in His regard. It is this conception of God as inclusive of us and our freedom, the view of God as "God with us," which we have identified with the conception of "Spirit" or "Spiritual Life."

With regard to the method and general tone of the thought expressed, the author has a very pertinent remark in the introduction. "There is undoubtedly," he says, "a strong philosophical bias against admitting the relevance of prophetic inspiration for speculative inquiry, and especially against accepting such inspiration as the very soul and support of reflective thinking. But even if we grant—nay, insist—that philosophy shall pursue her work in perfect freedom, uninspired by any muse save her own, may it not still be true that she herself would fain recapture something of the old prophetic strain?" And with a spirit of real gentleness—far removed from timidity—he proceeds to demonstrate his ideas and to oppose unflinchingly beliefs which he regards as untenable. When we say "beliefs," we mean intellectual beliefs; the author attacks no Church, sect, or organisation. The book is precisely what it professes to be—an exposition of theological philosophy. The man who reasons that because essentially "the Kingdom of God is within the soul" he can stand alone, without the aid of community of worship, is frequently found; but he is usually a poor specimen of humanity when intimately known, and we should say that nothing would tend more to draw thinking men together than a clear comprehension of the relationship of Christianity and laws of thought. In the division headed "The Passion of Love," Professor Gibson argues forcibly, and draws excellent analogies between the love of animals, the human emotions, and the innate necessity of love for a Supreme Being, passing on to observe:

Conscience itself is just the reverence of our whole being for that which is most intrinsically lovable. It is our love's reverence for God. All disinterested love is love that reveres its object. The artist who worships beauty in the flower is a truer, more disinterested flower-lover than the child who gathers for the pleasure of picking, smelling, and carrying the booty home. The naturalist who studies the life of animals and birds in their native haunts is a better lover of Nature than the sportsman who kills the same for sport. The same law obtains in human relationships. Human love rings true in proportion as the personality of the person loved is respected by the lover. The sentimental lover who considers his own feelings rather than the dignity of the person for whom he languishes is less a lover than a sentimentalist. On the other hand, the lover who considers his own dignity rather than the feelings of the one he professes to love knows less of love than pride.

The elusive nature of the problem of spiritual faith (as regarded solely by the intellect) is cogently suggested:

The "Eternal" is at once datum and problem, fact and task. As fact, it can subsist for us only through a sustained decision, which is the supreme test of our spiritual faith. And the fact which we thus sustain is nothing completed which we can hold before us, as we can a rose or an orange. It is a spiritual world built to the music of our own activity, and such music is still far from being a finished symphony. We, the builders, remain a problem to ourselves, and the world in which we

seek to realise our universal nature is similarly a problem, the supreme life-problem both of man and of humanity.

It is unsatisfactory to quote detached passages from a book such as this, for one of its claims to importance is naturally the continuity of argument; but we must assure our readers who are interested in the subtleties of logic as applied to theology that they will find on every page sentences which are fruitful incentives to thought. It does not follow that they will always agree with the writer. Not everyone, for example, will subscribe to this statement:

When evil is fighting against good, there is still honour among the thieves. . . . But once the thieves are enthroned, honour among thieves would mean the realisation of the common good, and this would be inconsistent with evil's supremacy. . . . Hence, with the complete disappearance of the good goes the evil that opposes it, and we are left with the paradox that evil finally triumphant is non-existent.

This seems rather an argument *ad extremum*, and, tracked rationally to its conclusion, to lead to bewilderment. It is well, however, that men of erudition and of kindly, optimistic predilections such as Professor Gibson should be found willing to undertake the elucidation of these great and prolific subjects, and did we disagree with him *in toto*, we could not but value his sanity of outlook and his fine handling of a difficult theme. As it is, students in many contiguous fields of thought will, with ourselves, find pleasure in nominating this book a notable contribution to a class of literature which we fear is profitable only in the riches of the mind.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Terror of the Macdurghotts. By C. E. PLAYNE. (Unwin, 6s.)

WE have not often chanced upon a story so completely lacking in characterisation as this one. It is full of incident and possesses quite a stirring plot, but not once is a trace of interest possible in the actors as human beings—any attention the reader can find it in him to bestow goes to what they do, never to why they do it or what they are. The Macdurghotts are a family who own a certain island property off the coast of Scotland, and their "terror" is apparently Sir Hermann Mordan, a quite impossible person who contests their rights and maintains a perpetual state of feud between the two houses. He has scientists, electricians, and engineers at his service, and by a row of push-buttons in his sanctum can summon, if necessary, anything in the shape of the machinery of hostilities from a torpedo to a fire-engine; yet he prides himself on being a "man of peace" and merely takes all this trouble for the sake of feeling prepared, in case anything happens. We will not weary our readers with the details of the plot and the ineffective love-story; suffice it to say that the primary note of the book is excessively artificial, and the inexperienced novelist may possibly be able to discover within it some mild pleasure that would suffice to lessen the monotony of a journey by train.

Pomp and Circumstance. By DOROTHEA GERARD. (Long, 6s.)

THE author of "Pomp and Circumstance" will certainly, by her latest novel, increase her reputation for always telling a good story; the plot is excellent, and her manner of imparting it simple, straightforward and nearly always good English. Irma Harding, the heroine, whose father has to leave Vienna, ruined through a wife's extravagance, is a fine, beautiful character. She refuses to discard the dishonoured man—he has taken money that belonged to others in a weak moment—and comes to England with him; in London the two manage to eke out a living by teach-

ing languages. Irma is engaged as tutor in Hungarian to a rising young diplomatist, Vincent Denholm; he falls in love with her—*cela va sans dire*—but although this sounds rather a hackneyed line of proceeding the cleverness of the author's characterisation and the humour of her digressions make the whole affair most interesting. Needless to say, the course of true love ran anything but smoothly for some considerable time; there were complications with a wealthy motor-manufacturer and hindrances due to Irma's consciousness of the stain on the family honour by her father's misdemeanour. All comes right, however, at the last, and the solution is related with much skill and restraint. The verdict of most readers will be to the effect that the romance is wholly charming, if not altogether probable.

The Merry Heart. By FRANK A. SWINNERTON. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

MR. SWINNERTON has come near to writing an original novel, and were it not that he has marred his scheme by introducing into the narrative some alien elements of plot, the performance would be entirely praiseworthy. The whole story about the disguised nobleman rings false. A man can't go on deceiving his wife and family for years in that fashion. They will become restive after a time. Mr. Swinnerton anticipates criticism to some extent by dubbing this story a melodrama, which, on the whole, it is not. But we are forced to the conclusion that his *forte* does not lie in the construction of probable plots. His sense of character, on the other hand, is admirable, though there is, perhaps, the smallest suggestion of precocity about the clever young men and women of these pages. Locritus takes us from the first. His gentle, whimsical philosophy is a perpetual delight. Fanny we cannot admire as we should, seeing her too much through her brother's eyes. The other two girls are each triumphs, particularly Kitty. (And here let it be observed parenthetically that Mr. Swinnerton has reproduced, with an accuracy little less than amazing, the manners and habits of speech of lower middle-class society). Then there are a crowd of lesser notables, each true to type, with the possible exception of the villain, whose like we have not yet encountered. His presence in the book is an indication of Mr. Swinnerton's intention. But it says much for his method that, with all the cumbrous apparatus of melodrama at his disposal, he has succeeded in writing a very charming comedy of manners. Next time we hope he will have the courage to dispense with plot altogether. We hope, too, that we may meet with Locritus again. He is too fine a fellow to disappear.

The New June. By HENRY NEWBOLT. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THE reader who would thoroughly enjoy this book should possess what we might term the "historical sense"—the strong interest in persons and events of the past, in battles and journeyings of long ago, the knowledge of which first came to him from the history-books of school. Should he not, however, have this desirable faculty he will be fortunate in that Mr. Newbolt has it in an eminent degree and can reproduce for him the brave days of old, make the valley of dry bones busy with life, and sound again the trumpet-call to arms. The story, the plot of which it would be impossible to enlarge upon in a review necessarily brief, is told with his usual quiet distinction of style, and contains several thrilling scenes of warfare and intrigue in the last years of the fourteenth century; the account of the voyage of the young knights with their brilliant retinue to the Holy Land, and their adventures within Italian borders, forms a lengthy and fascinating portion of the book. But we must say that

we like the author best in his gentle musings and his short interludes of description; a little tranquil passage such as the following, for example, takes the ear almost as a soft chord of music:

Time is no comforter: he can but build a culvert over the stream. Below it, for him who stands to listen, the full waters of memory are still rolling, but above it the traffic of the world can now run secure and uninterrupted. By the aid of Time, therefore, one man will achieve forgetfulness, and call it comfort; another will learn only that his life must be henceforth divided—part shared cheerfully with all, part deeply hidden—in the brief passage from what has been to what shall be.

Or, as another instance, there is a charming suggestion of a scene at Arncliffe, Yorkshire, when John Marland, the squire whose doings form a large part of the story, leans from his window, unable to sleep:

He looked out into the cool night: the great silver disc hung like a lantern just above the topmost ridge of the wood: the steep hillside was like a monstrous black wave silvered on all its feathery edges, never breaking, but always about to break and bury the whole world in fathomless darkness. Under it lay the smooth shallows of the bare little garden, a lawn grey-green and a path all white, along which ran a low wall whiter and colder still.

There might well have been a stronger insistence upon the love-story which is subordinate throughout, and we could have wished that Mr. Newbolt had more often made use of the humour of which he is content to give us mere hints at long intervals. But not many writers could invest past years with so lifelike and moving a quality, and in these days of careless workmanship it would be out of place to cavil at minor drawbacks. The really fine account of the jousting at St. Ingelbert in the early chapters of this romance is worth half a dozen "popular" novels put together, and the reader whom the book, taken as a whole, fails to please will be, we fancy, difficult to find.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of this society on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair, a lecture was given by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, F.R.G.S., on "Wind-Waves in Water, Sand, and Snow."

Dealing first with waves of the sea, Dr. Cornish described the gradual evolution of large sea-waves during the passage of a cyclone or other depression across the Atlantic. The great sea-waves are produced at that portion of the cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their gravitational progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges, as long as the atmospheric depression maintains itself. Thus the waves are developed until they attain a considerable steepness. The average height attained by these waves (in feet) is about half the velocity of the wind (in miles per hour). Thus a wind of fifty-two miles per hour gives waves of an average height of about 26 feet, although individuals will then attain a height of 40 feet. In the circumpolar southern ocean the height of North Atlantic waves is somewhat exceeded, but the outstanding feature of the waves of high southern latitudes is their greater length from crest to crest. South of the Cape of Good Hope and of Cape Horn there is neither windward nor leeward shore and the prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly. Thus, wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind, still running and the principal effect of the newly-born wind is to increase

the steepness of the already-running long swell so as to form majestic storm-waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves. They emerge into view, however, after, or beyond the storm, and Dr. Cornish has found their speed to be approximately equal to that of the wind by which they are created, sometimes attaining, even in the North Atlantic, a velocity of more than sixty miles per hour.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of regular waves was studied by the lecturer in the Egyptian deserts. As the sand-waves are unable to travel by gravitation, as do the waves of the sea, their movements are entirely directed and controlled by the wind, and are, therefore, much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. When they grow to great size, as in the desert sand-dunes, which attain a height of several hundred feet, the forms become more complicated owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure. Nevertheless, the characteristic wave-form can still be distinguished.

Mackerel-sky (a rippled form of cloud) is produced by the formation of an undulating surface where a lighter layer of air flows over a heavier one. The positive and negative of a rippled-cloud photograph were shown, and it was explained that the negative (showing the pattern not of the clouds themselves but of the unclouded sky between) was the true aerial "ripple-mark," corresponding to sand-waves.

For the purpose of studying snow-waves the lecturer traversed Canada twice during winter, and found the phenomenon best developed on the prairies near Winnipeg, when the temperature was below zero, and the snow had quite lost the adhesive character which it retains in warmer weather. Freshly-fallen, dry snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghost-like motion. They are similar to desert sand-waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind-formed snow-waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills give effective shelter from wind, and helps to explain the climatic advantages of certain localities. The forms of snow-drifts produced in the neighbourhood of obstructions were also studied by the lecturer. Multitudinous shapes are assumed while the eddy-space formed by the obstacle is being filled up with snow, but when sufficient snow has fallen and been drifted in, so that the space is filled, the vertical section drift is Ichthyomorphic (fish-shaped) with a blunt head and tapering tail, which is the form of least eddy-making resistance. In fact, the forms of completed snow-drifts, illustrated in the lecture, convey valuable hints for the design of torpedoes or other immersed bodies intended to move through water or air.

The lecture was illustrated by numerous photographs taken by Dr. Cornish in his travels.

CORRESPONDENCE

LINE-LENGTHS IN VERSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Andersen's recent letter contains much suggestive matter with many apposite quotations, and clearly illustrates the fundamental uniformity which underlies varying forms of ballad-metre. That in such verse shorter lines are formed from longer by omitting syllables and substituting silent intervals may be taken as beyond question. No one, I imagine, doubts that this is so in metres like that of Macaulay's "Horatius," where the odd lines sometimes do and sometimes do not drop a final syllable (also occasionally an initial one), and where the resulting forms are interchanged with entire freedom, showing that the poet feels them to be metrically equivalent. It makes

no difference when two lines are printed as one in his "Capys" and "Ivry":

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

Obviously the poet might have written "Hurrah, the foes are moving now." Nor is it difficult to believe that had he chanced to write:

Hurrah, the hunt is up! Hark to . . . , etc.,

the cæsural pause would have covered a space equal to that of two omitted syllables. Such alternation of sound and silence occurs fairly often in our lyric verse. We recognise it in Tennyson's song ("Queen Mary," v. 2):

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing,

or Browning's Epilogue to "Frishtah's Fancies":

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's
success.

Wherever, as here, a poet uses sometimes one form and sometimes another, interchangeably, measurement is practically certain; we can test it for ourselves by inserting imaginary syllables *pro tempore*. I do not doubt, therefore, that in all such cases the difference is not in actual length of lines, but merely in the degree to which their time-spaces are occupied by syllables.

Can we, in addition, recognise a silent foot at the end of each double line? Arranging the above-suggested words in what our hymnbooks call "Short Metre" form, we should get:

Hurrah, the hunt is up!
Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,
And roaring culverin.

We have acknowledged the existence of a vacant space after the first of these lines; does not a similar one manifestly follow the second and fourth? In a former letter I expressed doubt as to the possibility of measuring these latter intervals, and I note that, speaking of them, Mr. Andersen now says that "the length of the pause cannot be determined with certainty," since "a pause tends to shorten, to collapse on itself as it were." We have not here such direct evidence as in the other cases; we do not find poets habitually passing from "eights and sixes" to "eights and eights," and *vice versa*, with perfect freedom and apparent unconsciousness of difference. Yet I am now disposed to think that the presumption of equality is too strong to be resisted, when the second and fourth lines are compared with the first. That a pause of some kind follows them is indubitable. No one with any feeling for rhythm can disregard it, can read as one continuous phrase "the mingled din of fife and trump." The sole question is whether the pauses are measurable, and in ballad-metre I incline to think they are. While it is significant that Mr. Andersen professes to have found only one instance of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen syllables used alternatively—in a poem of Shelley's, of which more hereafter—and while in modern ballads at any rate the tendency is to separate rather than to intermix the three principal forms, I am willing to believe not only that the three forms were originally one, but that they remain identical so far as temporal structure is concerned.

Though ready to go thus far with Mr. Andersen, and in one respect seemingly further than he now goes, I am still sceptical of his right to claim unity for a line of sixteen syllables, or, as he more properly phrases it, of eight beats. He finds that the end of such a "phrase" is the point at which people naturally draw breath; I should say that they usually do it much sooner. Is it natural to read in one breath the whole of these two lines:

Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

or these others where the beats are the same, though the feet are trisyllabic:

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove?

Are we not conscious of a break after each line? It seems to me that a good case could be made out for regarding *four beats* as the rhythmical unit in all such metres as these. For the four-beat line is not always doubled. We have it in stanzas of three lines, as in Tennyson's "Two Voices":

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

We have it in stanzas of five lines, like this of Poe's—assuming, as Mr. Andersen will readily do, that the last line is one of four beats like the others:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

In my previous letter I cited several poems whose stanzas must, on Mr. Andersen's hypothesis, consist of one and a half, or two and a half, rhythmical phrases. Even in ballads, occasional duplication of a four-beat line seems to show that it is complete in itself. Thus in the very first stanza of "Horatius" we find:

And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

Similar duplication, it may be noticed, occurs in the stanza about "Mulga Town," quoted by Mr. Andersen, the lilt of which recalls an old song:

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
Adieu for evermore."

Here, if "My love!" be added to the previous line, metre becomes regular, while in "Mulga Town" it becomes irregular; but in both cases the four-beat phrase seems to be taken as complete.

It must be remembered that a single line of verse is not easily recognised as such; only when a second follows can we usually feel sure of metre. It is therefore quite natural that a pair of four-beat lines should form the commonest combination in this metre, but the rule has many exceptions. The four-beat line occurs with every possible variation. We have it coupled with syllabically shorter lines, or in stanzas by itself. We have it with alternate rhymes, as in "Ye banks and braes"; with consecutive rhymes, as in:

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done;

and with inverted rhymes, as in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." We have it in long unbroken passages, poems of considerable extent, where I do not feel that we have to *gasp* after every second line. I cannot think that in all these cases we are entitled to regard it as half a whole. Two four-beat lines are indeed often printed as one; Elizabethan "poulter's measure" is merely our "short metre" printed in two lines instead of four. But I suspect that even there we have a pair of four-beat lines rather than an eight-beat unity, and that we are always conscious of a break after the fourth beat. Similarly, the peculiar stanza quoted from Shelley I should treat as containing three pairs of four-beat lines, rather than three long phrases of eight bars apiece.

Besides, the four-beat line is, after all, only one of our metres. We have also the five-beat line, which Mr. Andersen admits to be wholly different, and tries to approximate to the duration of his eight-beat phrase by claiming that it is more slowly uttered. Most people think that its line is longer than that of ballad-metre, and surely they are right. I quite agree that it is an artificial growth, that ballad-metre is the more natural and spontaneous measure, especially to Northern nations, from whose literature most of Mr. Andersen's examples are taken. The vigour and vivacity of ballad-metre, the quick

return of its shorter lines, sufficiently explain its popularity with us. But I cannot see why we should consider it the ideal form, the form from which others sprang or toward which they tend. Each length of line seems to have its own value, its own prosodic effect. From whatever sources ballad-metre and heroic verse came to us they have both long since been naturalised, and form part of our prosodic heritage; they, and other lengths of line too, have become familiar and welcome.

The point about Greek hexameter need not be pressed, though its very name implies that it contained six parts, and though we have no reason to suppose it was divided by any such silent space as occurred in its companion pentameter. But its conditions, like those of Oriental metres, are too foreign to make comparison profitable; it is better to keep to our own verse and that of kindred nations. With us, even when extra syllables do occur, are they always felt to be within the metre? Browning's "Fifine" is one of the few English poems of any length written in Alexandrines:

O, trip and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm with me!

Sure enough, the poet sometimes inserts an extra syllable, e.g. (end of § 14):

Why is the wife in trouble? This way, this way, Fifine!

And now and then he even inserts two, e.g. (end of § 57):

Recalled the same to live within his soul for evermore.

To me the effect of these additions is disagreeable; they seem to alter the metre without manifest reason.* Of the ordinary lines some seem to have a break in the middle, others do not. Mr. Andersen allows that the central pause may become "atrophied"; does it not then cease to exist? Even if this form of verse originally demanded eight beats—or a pair of four beats—has it not ceased to do so? I referred to "Abt. Vogler" as not showing any necessary midway break:

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

I might have cited also the so-called English hexameter. Long lines have naturally a tendency to break into two halves; I grant that such a tendency is perceptible here, but I do not find a silent foot. Whatever the origin of such lines, I think they are now felt by us to be simply lines of six beats.

A sound deduction is made when Mr. Andersen points out the peculiar effect of a longer (printed) line following a shorter, as in this of Burns:

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue.

Read "Sae flaxen were her ringlets fair," and the rhythm becomes obvious. But what does this show? If the two lines formed one rhythmical phrase why should it matter where the pause comes? Is it not just because these form a pair of four-beat lines, and the gap occurring before the first is finished leaves us uncertain of what is intended, that we feel difficulty? The same holds good of the lines quoted from Chapman, where the sentence-break comes unexpectedly, e.g.:

Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou maintain in
sure abode.

Here there is no silent space metrically, but the grammatical pause coming so early jars. Not all lines are equal, of course; pleasant effects can be got through disregarding equality. But the desire for lines of equal length is primary and instinctive, and our tendency always is to make them correspond.

Mr. Andersen is to be congratulated on writing a letter which raises such interesting questions, and embodies so much careful study. He does good service by calling attention to inter-relations of silence and sound, overlooked by those who confine their attention to syllables. Even if absolute certainty be unattainable regarding these matters they well deserve consideration.

T. S. OMOND.

* I feel the same about the extra long line in Nibelungen metre, as quoted in Mr. Andersen's letter.

THE REVERSED FOOT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Though the heat of the battle concerning the reversed foot has probably abated even now as I write, I should like to say a little on the subject. The position in which the foot is most frequently found is at the opening of a blank verse line; but as the opening is not the best position for the study of the nature of a foot, a few examples may be given where it occurs within the line:

1. A mind *not to be chang'd* by place or time.
2. Anon *out of the earth* a fabric huge
3. For one restraint, *lord of the world* besides?
4. And what is else *not to be overcome*;
5. Abject and lost lay these, *covering the flood*,
6. Illumin, what is low *raise and support*;

Here the reversed foot consists of the first two in each of the four (in one instance five) syllables in italics: the combination of four is so common that it has received a special name, the choriamb. The first half of the choriamb is a trochee, the second half an iamb—that is, presuming the first half to be really a reversed foot. Furthermore, the choriamb should have the value of two feet in the line it occupies. In reading, however, it cannot but be noticed that a distinct pause precedes each choriamb above quoted; to which foot does this pause belong? Few will maintain that it forms no part of the rhythm, though in the view that the choriamb equals two feet, it seems extraneous. Compare, however, the following six lines in their order with the six above:

1. Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
2. In billows leave in the midst a horrid vale.
3. For those the race of Israel oft forsook.
4. To set himself in glory above his peers,
5. In worst extremes and on the perilous edge
6. A multitude like which the populous north.

Dividing the first of each set for comparison we have:

A mind / *not* / to be chang'd by place / or time /
 Pour forth / their pò- / pulous youth / abòt / the hive /

This division is the one naturally following a reading aloud of the two lines: the corresponding feet in each line agree in time value, and the only foot in which any difference is detected by ear or eye is the second; the first contains a pause and a syllable, the second two syllables. It will not be gainsaid that each line of the second six quoted contains one three-syllabled foot—why should it be gainsaid in the first six? The pause and the first member of the choriamb are undeniably equal to a foot, and the three syllables following are no more than equal. The conclusions would appear to be, first, that a foot is *not* reversed, but that two feet are changed; second, that the name choriamb is erroneous so far as regards English verse, since it takes no note of the pause preceding it.

Take as a further example a stanza from Macaulay's "Mahogany Tree":

Christmas is here:
 Winds whistle shrill,
 Icy and chill,
 Little care we:
 Little we fear
 Weather without,
 Sheltered about
 The Mahogany Tree.

Here every line has the "reversed foot," a trochee preceding an iamb; but what of the pause dividing the lines? No pause divides the seventh and eighth—its place is taken by the two syllables opening the eighth line; in fact, the lines are anapests: the feet are triple feet. Many lines may be found in blank verse with an opening similar to Macaulay's stanza:

1. Moors by his side under the lee, while night
2. Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
3. Frequent and full. After short silence then,

Lines like these show that a pause precedes the first "reversed foot," as one precedes the similar foot later in the line; they seem, too, to show conclusively that the name "reversed foot" is a misnomer; that the first and stressed syllable of the foot really forms the last and stressed member of a foot containing a pause, and the second and unstressed syllable forms the first member of a triple foot.

Nor is the case different when, as frequently happens, the apparent trochaic effect is continued for two or more feet, as in the following lines quoted by Mr. Omond:

*Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
 Harmonizing silence without a sound—*

or as in this yet longer-drawn instance (a solitary one) in Milton:

As a despite done against the Most High.

Even Keats's line:

Thèa! Thèa! Thèa! where is Sàturn?

is only an example longer by a foot than Milton's. Examine the following:

Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim,

Who can say where the trochaic effect begins? Only the slightest pause separates "exposes" and "foremost"—a longer pause is often found within a line—and leaving out the "will" the line is identical with Keats's. Note, too, that the "es" of "exposes" almost fills the pause which, it is held, exists before constructions like "Foremost to stand."

"Wrenched accent" is, as suggested by your correspondents, generally the result of sing-song scansion or reading. It may often be obviated by means of the construction that has hitherto been under discussion. The "palpitating" in the line quoted by Mr. Omond should, of course, not be read "palpitating." With a pause preceding the word, as:

With breasts palpitating, and wings refurled,

the natural stress is retained and a beautiful line results; the consonantal ending of "breasts" bridges the pause well—a pause which is not, of course, a cessation of sound, but a sustaining of the voice.

In other examples quoted by Mr. Omond an altogether different rhythmic construction enters. Take his lines:

1. Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks.
2. I have obeyed my uncle until now.
3. Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.

These are instances where the grammatical and rhythmical stresses do not coincide, thereby departing from the common wont of verse. But it does not follow, therefore, that the words are to be pronounced with their accent on the first syllable and none on the second. Take other, and slightly different, examples:

1. Up then crew the red red cock,
2. He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand
3. So stretch'd out, huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay,
4. Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop,
5. But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man.

In these examples the places of usually unstressed syllables have been taken by syllables which require a grammatical stress, so that three, and in one instance four, stresses come together. The interloping stress is, however, usually somewhat less heavy than the preceding or following. The point to be noted is that a grammatical stress may fall even in a place where there is no rhythmical stress, and in Mr. Omond's examples the words "abrupt," "until" and "extreme" are pronounced with two accents or stresses, the second not necessarily as heavy as the first, but preferably less heavy, but not so subdued that the accent of the word appears "wrenched." I do not suppose the poet wishes to disregard or "get behind" the ordinary word accent, but wishes to vary it in the same way as that varies the rhythm. Though the foot usually contains two syllables, one stressed and one unstressed, it may have both syllables stressed, or neither stressed—the following line containing all three feet:

And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored.

It may, of course, contain three syllables or more, of which one or two may bear stresses. So of a word, though it normally bear but one stress, the poet may, to vary his numbers, give it two stresses by placing it in such a position that the rhythm imposes an additional stress, as in the following:

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue.

In this instance the normal word follows the abnormal; where this order is reversed, as in Mr. Omond's examples, additional emphasis appears to be given. Instances of stress being suppressed in words normally stressed are so numerous as hardly to need examples:

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,

with which contrast the following:

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills.

Instead of giving these double-stressed words two stresses they may, of course, be given the normal stress by scanning the line in a different way; in the following line:

Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,

the words "the abrupt" may be made a trisyllable followed by a pause. This would give force in the present instance, but I think such a scansion would not often be indulged in. This construction is occasionally met with:

Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;

In the light of the double stress Shelley's line:

I love all that thou lovest,

offers no difficulty; the two words "thou lovest" bear three stresses—not necessarily all equally heavy, but all evident—three similar stresses being also juxtaposed in the line to which it rhymes:

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night.

In conclusion I should like to make a suggestion which, I apprehend, may raise a hornets' nest about me. Do not the foregoing considerations, and many others which could be adduced, seem to point to the fact that the iambic foot is a potential anapest? The very fact that iambic metre has been supposed to contain quantity in the classic sense is confirmative of this idea. Notably in mixed duple and triple metre stressed syllables in the duple feet appear to be dwelt on, as if, deep down, there lurked a nascent third syllable. The following line from Gower:

And ever his cheer is sober and soft,
can be paralleled in avowedly triple metre:

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
and note how the duple swells to triple:

And the whispering green of the cool colonnade.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—“The Authors” have intimated their withdrawal from “the combat” in a letter written in their best style, and bristling with the weapons of sarcasm. I would suggest that they should preserve a copy to serve as a model of point and lustre, in a chapter on sarcasm, in their next edition of “The King's English.” The observer, however, must have noticed a marked improvement in their composition since their letter appeared on January 30th, and I have no doubt, despite their sarcasm, that they have profited by the criticism. Curiosity has at last impelled me to peep into their book, and in full justice to “The Authors” I say frankly that I find it a good book, an informing, attractive manual, and such a book as one might peruse with profit in an idle half-hour at any time. Although there is much interesting matter in the book of an educative kind, presented in an ingenious and unconventional way, yet there is also much in it that lends itself open to fair criticism. “The Authors” undoubtedly have scholarship fitted for their task, but it does not follow that their judgment may not occasionally be at fault. In order to write well, the reader is enjoined to be “direct, simple, brief, vigorous, and lucid”—a very good and a very common rule of action, and one which indeed might with advantage be put into more general practice by “The Authors” themselves. Where, for instance, in the following

passage, at page 54, do we find the “simple” and the “lucid”?—

An individual is not a person; it is a person as a single, separate, or private person, a person as opposed to a combination of persons; this qualification, this opposition, must be effectively present to the mind, or the word is not in place.

That paragraph is what an American would call a “sock-dologer.” I shall refrain from re-casting it, knowing that “The Authors” are “in trembling anticipation of possible future achievements in the way of synonym” from me. And have not “The Authors” said at another page that “to correct a bad sentence satisfactorily is not always possible? It should never have existed.” I am entirely in accord with this dictum, and I hope, for their own credit, that in the next edition of their book “The Authors” will totally expunge the above quoted illogical and mystifying jumble, and clothe their precious thoughts in garments of decent syntax.

At page 53 occurs the following paragraph:—

To use individual wrongly in the twentieth century stamps a writer, more definitely than almost any other single solecism, not as being generally ignorant or foolish, but as being without the literary sense.

This is a terrible indictment. On page 55 the victims are trotted out. The culprits are: Carlyle, Scott, Corelli, Borrow, Beaconsfield, A. J. Balfour, C. Brontë, and Trollope. Examples are given from these writers, and “corrections” are made. I will not affirm that “correctness” is achieved in all the amendments by “The Authors.” In any case, those of the writers in the above list who passed over to the great majority in the nineteenth century should on logical grounds escape hanging.

“Anent,” that good old once popular word with an Anglo-Saxon root, signifying “in regard to,” “concerning,” and having the merit of brevity—a “direct, simple, brief, vigorous, and lucid” word, surely satisfying the canons of “The Authors” up to the hilt—is described by them in their book as “Wardour Street English, antiquarian rubbish.” “The Authors” have laudably endeavoured to produce an up-to-date book. They seem to have an antipathy to the archaic, but they perhaps err in the opposite direction. At pages 118-119 one smells the brass foundry. Here “The Authors” introduce the words “Fused-participle theory” and “unfused-participle.” The participle has long been a tangled thread to grammarians, and the tangle would here appear to be getting more and more involved. At page 188 the student is still on the high level, and is taught to differentiate between the “paratactic” and the “syntactic.” These delightful distinctions were not in the text books when I was at school, but they are interesting as showing the modern trend. At page 154 “The Authors” overreach themselves when dealing with the perfect infinitive. They say:—

This has its right and its wrong uses. The right are obvious, and can be left alone. Even of the wrong some are serviceable, if not strictly logical. I hoped to have succeeded, for instance, means I hoped to succeed, but I did not succeed, and has the advantage of it in brevity; it is an idiom that it would be a pity to sacrifice on the altar of Reason.

The plain English of the matter is that one of two things has to be sacrificed, bad grammar or reason. “The Authors” lean to the sacrifice of reason. If, as “The Authors” erroneously say, I hoped to have succeeded is an idiom, it follows that many examples of bad grammar may be defended as being “idioms.” But, I hoped to have succeeded is not an idiom; because it is not a mode of expression peculiar to a language, but peculiar only to those people who stand in need of being taught to write grammatically. What is both logically, and chronologically, wrong must be black-balled when it seeks admission into literature as an idiom. Those who aim, like “The Authors,” at setting up a high standard of English ought really to be consistent. Any wrong expression in common use, against which “The Authors” have warned their readers, is, by the same logic, quite as much entitled to be exceptionally treated as “I hoped to have succeeded,” and even more so, for it is a most heinous offence to muddle up tenses. Such expressions as “I hoped to have succeeded,” “I found him better than I expected to have found him,” “It is long since I commanded him to have done it,” are, each and all of them, examples of atrocious English. They are not idioms, not even the first example which “The Authors” tearfully say “it would be a pity to sacrifice on the altar of Reason.”

Moreover, "The Authors" are entirely wrong in dogmatically asserting that the meaning of the words: "I hoped to have succeeded," is "I hoped to succeed, but I did not succeed." Nothing at all is affirmed as to success or non-success. The meaning is as likely to be: I hoped to have succeeded, and you see that success has attended my hope.

W. McC.

Glasgow,

15th March, 1909.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Canon's Dilemma.* By Victor L. Whitechurch. Unwin, 6s.
The Member for Easterby. By James Blyth. Long, 6s.
The Threshold. By Winefrede Trafford-Taunton. Long, 6s.
Dromina. By John Ayscough. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 6s.; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.
The City of Beautiful Nonsense. By E. Temple-Thurston. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
Margery Pigeon. By Jane Wardle. Arnold, 6s.
Chip. By F. E. Mills Young. Lane, 6s.
The Fortunes of a Fair Free Lance. By C. E. Jeffery. Routledge, 6s.

HISTORY

- Turkey in Revolution.* By Charles Roden Buxton. Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Concurrent Practical and Theoretical Geometry.* Containing the Substance of Euclid, Books I. to XI., treated both experimentally and formally; in three parts, by W. J. Potter. Ralph Holland, 3s. net.
Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book. New Edition. Ward, Lock, 1s. net.
Mr. Nicholas Wake-Spear on "The Baconian Heresy." Edited by Colonel Colomb. Eyre and Spottiswoode.
The Book of the Cottage Garden. By Charles Thonger. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
Is Invasion Impossible? By Lieut. Alfred C. Dewar (Royal Navy). Griffin, 1s. net.
Notes from Sotheby's. Being a compilation of 2,032 notes from catalogues of book sales which have taken place in the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, between the years 1885-1909. By Frank Karslake. Karslake, 25s.
Six Masters in Disillusion. By Algar Thorold. Constable, 6s. net.
Berkeley and Spiritual Realism. By Alexander Campbell Fraser. Constable, 1s. net.
Plato. By A. E. Taylor. Constable, 1s. net.
The Economic Journal. Macmillan, 5s. net.
Plays: the Silver Box, Joy, and Strife. By John Galsworthy. Duckworth, 6s.
Some American Sketches. By W. H. Hudson. Duckworth, 1s. net.
The Panama Canal and its Makers. By Vaughan Cornish. With map and illustrations. Unwin, 5s.
The Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the operations, expenditures and conditions of the institution for the year ending June 30th, 1907. Washington Government Printing Office.
Beethoven's Letters. A critical edition, with explanatory notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated with preface by J. T. Shedlock. Vol. I. and II. Dent, 21s. net.
Great Actors of the Eighteenth Century: A History of Theatrical Art. In ancient and modern times. By Karl Mantzius. Authorised translation by Louise von Cossel. Duckworth, 10s. net.
How to get Married. By Rev. E. J. Hardy. Unwin, paper, 1s. net; cloth, 2s. net.

MUSIC

- The Theory of Music for Students and Teachers.* Comprising the Elements of Music in both Notations and Elementary Harmony, together with a Short Exposition of the Principles of Voice Production and Voice Training. By G. Lightfoot. Ralph Holland, 2s. net.

POETRY

- By a Midnight Sea.* By E. J. Rupert Atkinson. Robertson, 6s.
The Song of the Stewarts. Prelude. By Douglas Ainslee. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS

- Everyman's Library.* Published by J. M. Dent and Co. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Gleig's Life of Wellington.* By G. R. Gleig, author of "The Subaltern."
The Letters of Charles Lamb. 2 vols. Introduction by E. R.

CLASSICAL.

- Aristophanes—The Acharnians, The Knights and the Birds.* Frere's Translation. Introduction by John P. Mayne.
Cicero's Select Letters and Orations. Introductory Note by De Quincey.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Craik's Manual of English Literature.* Revised by Eleanor A. Podmore. Edited by E. R.
Swift's Tale of a Tub, The Battle of the Books, etc. Introduction by Lewis Melville.
Gilfillan's Literary Portraits. Introduction by Dr. Robertson Nicoll.
A Legend of Montrose. With introduction and notes by Arthur T. Flux. Black, 1s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

- Easter Offerings, with Some Remarks on Whitsun Offerings.* By Fredk. Sherlock. "Church Monthly," 1s. net.
The Acts of the Apostles. With introduction, maps, text and notes, glossaries, examination questions, and index. Edited by Rev. E. C. W. Hannan, B.A. Ralph Holland, 1s. 6d. net.

ORDER FROM YOUR LIBRARY

THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE

By HOPE PROTHEROE, Author of "One Man's Sin."

An up-to-date novel, in style and method of subject treatment, and a decided advance on "ONE MAN'S SIN." Those who, as a result of reading that book, expect only pathos from this author, will, in "THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE," be agreeably disappointed. A rough diamond and a rose would be strange mates indeed; yet no whit more so than the couple of human beings whose story is here presented. How a man may struggle in vain against a force stronger than himself, and a woman become a daily terror to the man who loves her, are graphically portrayed. The sympathy of most will be extended to the man, who, in the depth of his own despair, takes the blame of his wife's action upon himself, and deals forcibly, yet withal in gentlemanly fashion, with his—worse than—interfering mother-in-law. The last chapter leaves the reader with a distinct note of hopefulness and the prospect of the hero's final reclamation, and that at the hands of a woman who has, herself, a "conscientious scruple" that will inevitably affect her future life. It is a book that everyone should read and recommend. It is at times comic, dramatic and sensational, and the interest it inspires is fully sustained to the end.

A SHOOTING STAR

By EFFIE CHAMBERLAYNE.

A novel in which a spice of politics is ingeniously interwoven with a charming love story offers the kind of fare which will appeal to most readers of fiction. Miss Effie Chamberlayne, the author of "A SHOOTING STAR," comes from a political family; but in addition to her knowledge of affairs, she shows that she possesses, in an uncommon degree, the qualities of imagination and humour that go to make up the successful novelist. The story itself, which is laid mainly in England, is concerned with the possession of some politically "compromising documents"; and the mystery surrounding both the recovery of the papers, and the personality of the Agent attempting the task, is manipulated with a dexterity and a resource not often to be met with in a first effort. "A SHOOTING STAR" leads up by stages to an exciting and dramatic climax, in which, however, the probabilities are kept well within bounds. Miss Effie Chamberlayne has written a story in which there is a due admixture of light and shade, of grave and gay; and the ranks of wholesome, natural, and straightforward fiction have received a recruit whose work should be heartily welcomed.

THE CENTURY PRESS, 6-9 Surrey St., Strand, London.

Typewriting

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS.

NEW, SECOND-HAND, AND BOUND.
BOOKS SOUGHT FOR, however unimportant.
LIBRARIES BOUGHT OR VALUED.
140 Strand, W.C. (Tel. 1515 Central).
37 Piccadilly, W. (Tel. 3601 Mayfair).
Telegraphic Address—Bookmen, London.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT and RARE BOOKS on any subject SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder extant. Please state wants and ask for CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of exchanging any Saleable Books for others selected from my various Lists. Special List of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright St., Birmingham. Harmsworth Encyclopedia, 10 Vols., 56s. net, for 32s. Bartholomew's Survey Gazetteer British Isles, 17s. 6d. net, for 5s. 6d. Rhead's Staffordshire Pots and Potters, 21s., for 10s. 6d.

Books for Sale

THE ART OF GARDEN DESIGN IN ITALY, by Inigo Triggs; 73 Photographic Plates in Collotype, 27 Plans and numerous Sketches in the Text; 4to, buckram; published Longmans, 1906, at £3 13s. 6d. net; for 21s.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

NOW READY.

A CHEAPER EDITION OF

THE PICTURE OF
DORIAN GRAY

By OSCAR WILDE.

"That great book with its august and terrible moral lesson."

(ACADEMY, January 23rd, 1909.)

Price: Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
Leather, 3s. net.

To be had of all Booksellers. Supplied to the Trade only by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

An Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 on June 1st, will be held in the first week of June. Further information can be obtained from the Reverend the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

E. T. BOTTOM & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS, &c.

32 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND WEEKLY PERIODICALS.

AGENTS FOR OLD POST OFFICE DIRECTORIES.

BERNARD SHAW

Passion, Poison and Petrification.

A Tragedy in One Act. Original Edition.
Post free, 1s. 3d.

HENRY IRVING

By HALDANE MACFALL. Illustrated by GORDON CRAIG. Post free, 1s. 3d.

C. CANNON (D. J. RIDER, Successor),
36 St. Martin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
BOOKS BOUGHT. BEST PRICES GIVEN.

PUBLISHERS' MEDIA

THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

AN ILLUSTRATED
BOOK NEWS MAGAZINE

MAY we draw your attention to "THE BOOK MONTHLY"—of which the March number is now ready—and its usefulness to all concerned with books?

Its information about new books—those coming out and those just out—is full and authoritative. Its articles, especially those on the book trade and on new movements in the book world, are fresh and informing. In "get-up" it is exceedingly attractive, and its illustrations are many and excellent.

There is no other monthly magazine which does the same service as "The Book Monthly"; that is, gives in a compact, agreeable way all the news and information of the current month in bookland—a pictured and picturesque What's What and Who's Who of our English Bookland from month to month.

The magazine is published at Sixpence net at the beginning of each month by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London, who will send it, post free, inland or abroad, for a year for Eight Shillings.

ABBOT FRANCIS GASQUET
and "PUBLIC OPINION"

The Abbot Francis Gasquet, the eminent Roman Catholic scholar and historian, Abbot-President of the English Benedictines, who is now engaged at Rome on the most interesting task of revising the Vulgate, sends the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, dated Feb. 15, 1909, from Collegio Sant' Anselmo, Monte Aventino, Rome:—

Sir,—I see that many are expressing their opinions about your paper, and as I have for a long time now got so much pleasure and profit from it, I feel constrained to add my testimony to that of others. Obligated to be away from England for many months each year on business, and with little time to spend on the reading of papers, I have found PUBLIC OPINION exactly what I needed to keep in touch with passing events, and I look forward to the coming of the post which brings it to me.

I am,

Yours sincerely,
sgd. (Abbot) FRANCIS H. GASQUET.

Public Opinion

A Weekly Review of Current Thought & Activity
EVERY FRIDAY. TWOPENCE.

Edited by Percy L. Parker.

The purpose of "Public Opinion" is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines, and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

"Public Opinion" can be obtained from any newsagent or book-stall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to "Public Opinion," 31 & 32 Temple House, Tallis St., London E.C.

Specimens free on application.

From Everett & Co.'s List

NEW FICTION.

MRS. WHISTON'S
HOUSE PARTY

By THOMAS COBB.

THE DEVIL'S ACE

By FERGUS HUME.

"A 'mystery' novel of the first water."—*Western Mail*.

FELIX STONE

By A. & C. ASKEW.

THE DEGENERATE

By FRED WHISHAW.

THE IRON HEEL

By JACK LONDON.

"The Iron Heel" is a book for all to read, and its insight, large sympathy, clear reasoning, and high aims are in evidence in every chapter."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

CHRISTIAN MURDERERS

By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

"A justifiable attack on those who seek to honour God by dishonouring His methods. . . . Miss Graham tells the story with charm and pathos."—*Daily Telegraph*."Deserves the attention it will undoubtedly command."—*Truth*.

BROTHER OFFICERS

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

"Mr. Wyndham at his best."—*Scotsman*."Mr. Wyndham always writes of military life as one who knows it, and his slight sketches of officers are happy and unexaggerated."—*Globe*.

London: EVERETT & Co., 42 Essex Street, W.C.

From A. C. FIFIELD'S New List

By
WILLIAM
ENGLISH
WALLING.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE. The True

World-Import of the Revolution. With 50 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, 476 pages. Indexed, cloth gilt, 12s. 6d. net.

The present volume is not, like so many recent books on Russia, a funeral march over a revolution that has been, but an overture and a prophecy concerning a revolution that is most surely to come. Mr. Walling can give good grounds for the hope that is in him. He has spent a considerable time in Russia, has mixed with the leaders of all parties, has accumulated a vast store of information, and possesses the deeper knowledge of the springs from sympathy. His book, indeed, is a book of faith in Russia's destiny. It may be something of a partisan statement, but it is well-informed, idealistic, and absorbing."—*Daily News*.By
B. L.
HUTCHINS.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH AGITA-

TION, 1833-48. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 156 pages, 2s. 6d. net.

It sets out with admirable clearness the history of the public health agitation, and tells how Chadwick, Dr. Southwood Smith, and other pioneers created the crusade against disease, which is steadily bringing down the average mortality in this country."—*Scotsman*.By
C. D. SMITH.

NATURAL MONOPOLIES, in Re-

lation to Social Democracy. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 160 pages, 2s. 6d. net.

This book is a criticism, from the Socialist standpoint, of Mr. Mallock's theory of the relation between labour and ability in the production of wealth, and an attempt to establish an alternative theory. It deals with production and distribution, capital, earnings, ability and manual labour, minimum wages, interest, monopolies of power, position of originators, inducements to surrender monopolies, and a real democratic constitution.

By
T. F.
TAYLOR.

THE FALLACY OF SPEED.

Boards, fcap. 8vo, 1s. net. Postage 14d.

Mr. Taylor argues his point with great ingenuity and not a little cogency, and supports his unconventional argument by a surprising number of quotations from well-known people."—*Scotsman*.By
LADY
CONSTANCE
LYTTON.

"NO VOTES FOR WOMEN." A

Reply to Recent Anti-Suffrage Arguments. Post free 34d. 32 pages. A temperate but able and forceful exposition of woman's case for suffrage. (2nd Edition in the press.)

By
GERALD
GOULD, B.A.

ON THE NATURE OF LYRIC. An

Essay. Illustrated from the history of English Poetry. Crown 8vo. Wrappers, 2s. net. QUAIN PRIZE ESSAY, 1908.

LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 44 FLEET STREET, E.C.

FORTHCOMING NEW POETRY

SONNETS. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

Author of "The City of the Soul." The Sonnets in this volume have not previously been published in book form. They include Lord Alfred Douglas's recent work in "The Academy." Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Ready next month.]

THE CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY

Being a Collection of Lyrics by Members of the Roman Catholic Community.

Selected by T. W. H. CROSLAND. Fcp. 8vo, pp. 250, 7s. 6d. net.

A specially Choice Edition of this book will be printed on vellum, and limited to 20 copies, price 22 2s. net. [Ready shortly.]

"THE ACADEMY" PUBLISHING COMPANY, 63 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

CHRISTIAN LITURGIES

Messrs. COPE and FENWICK beg to announce that they have made arrangements for the publication of a series of Christian Liturgies translated from the original languages by competent scholars, and in many cases hitherto inaccessible to English readers.

There are five main families or groups of Liturgies, three of them Eastern in origin and use, one Eastern in origin but Western in use, one Western both in origin and use. They are known either by the names of the Apostles with whom they are traditionally connected, or by the names of the countries or cities in which they are known or believed to have been once or always in use.

It is the aim of the Publishers to present these Liturgies in a form that will render them useful not only to the Clergy and to Students, but to all who are interested in the History of Religion.

With this object each Volume contains a carefully written Introduction giving a history of the rite, an account of the vestments of the clergy, and of the ornaments of the Church, and an analysis of the distinctive features of the Liturgy.

(1) The Armenian Liturgy

[Ready]

The First Volume contains the Divine Liturgy of the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia.

This Liturgy is said to date from the First Century, and to have been founded on that of the Church of Jerusalem. St. Gregory, the Illuminator, re-modelled it and introduced the Nicene Creed, and prayers from the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom and of Basil the Great were introduced in 430 A.D.

On account of its antiquity, its precious characteristics, the beauty and richness of its imagery, this Liturgy appeals to the lover of literature no less than to the theologian.

(2) The Coptic Liturgy

[Ready]

The Publishers have been fortunate in securing permission to include in the Series the late Marquis of Bute's translation of the Coptic Liturgy.

The particular ritual of the Egyptian Christians commands special interest in view of the remarkable influence which it has had over the destinies of these extraordinary people, who, for over a thousand years, in the face of continued insult and persecution, have retained the Christian faith.

(3) The Russian Liturgy

[Ready]

The third Volume contains the Liturgy of the Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic (Greco-Russian) Church, compiled, translated, and arranged from the Old Church-Slavonic Service Books of the Russian Church.

The books are printed on a specially made paper, in large, clear type, with wide margins. The ritual directions are printed in red.

A suitable binding has been designed for the series, and the Volumes are in post quarto size. The price of each Volume in the series is 5s. net. They can be obtained from any bookseller, or post free (5s. 4d.) direct from the Publishers.

THE JEW AND HUMAN SACRIFICE

By HERMANN L. STRACK, D.D., Ph.D.,

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

[Shortly]

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE SABBATH

By W. LOTZ, Ph.D., Theol. Lic.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

[Shortly]

MANUAL OF OCCASIONAL OFFICES

FOR THE USE OF THE CLERGY

Arranged and Compiled by the Rev. J. L. SAYWELL,
and Two Other Anglican Clergymen.

Crown 8vo, 4s. net

[Shortly]

LONDON: COPE & FENWICK, 16 CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.

Numerous complaints having reached this Office
as to difficulty in obtaining THE ACADEMY, we publish below a first list of the names and addresses of Newsagents and Booksellers at whose establishments THE ACADEMY is always on sale. Further lists will be published from time to time.

Messrs. Samuels and Taylor,
7 New Broad Street, E.C.

Messrs. Davies and Co.,
23 Finch Lane,
Cornhill, E.C.

Mr. E. Born,
80 Copthall Avenue, E.C.

Mr. James Barker,
2 Castle Court,
Birchin Lane, E.C.

Messrs. Leathwait and Simmons,
5 Birchin Lane, E.C.

Mr. George Blair,
16 Royal Exchange, E.C.

Messrs. Pottle and Sons,
14 and 15 Royal Exchange, E.C.

Messrs. E. T. Bottom and Co.,
51A Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
97 Queen Street, E.C., and
Also at
165A Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
32 Chancery Lane, E.C.

Mr. C. G. Norton,
38 Marchmont Street,
Russell Square, W.C.

Messrs. Jones, Yarrell and Co.,
37 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

Mr. Harrison,
Devereux Court,
Temple, W.C.

Mr. R. C. Willis,
1 Green Street,
Leicester Square, W.C.

Mr. J. Browne,
5 New Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.

Mr. H. Hunt,
12 Bury Street,
Bloomsbury, W. C.

Mr. W. Morflew,
19 Edgware Road, W.

Messrs. Scripp's Library,
13 South Molton Street, W.

Mr. H. Offord,
15 Avery Row,
Brook Street, W.

The Manager,
Foreign Bookstall,
Café Royal,
68 Regent Street, W.

Messrs. Bolton's Library,
81 Knightsbridge, W.

Mr. E. George,
13 Swallow Street,
Regent Street, W.

Messrs. Knowles and Co.,
Crown Court,
Pall Mall, W.

Messrs. Jones, Yarrell and Poulter,
8 Bury Street,
St. James Street, W.

Messrs. May and Williams,
160 Piccadilly,
London, W.

Messrs. Bingham and Co.,
97 Mount Street,
Grosvenor Square, W.

Mr. F. Batson,
82 Grosvenor Street, W.

The News Stores,
(next) Hyde Park Hotel,
Albert Gate, W.

Messrs. T. Rastall and Son,
81 Ebury Street,
London, W.

Mr. T. Wyatt,
198 Ebury Street,
Pimlico, W.

Mr. W. Weaver,
157 Great Portland Street, W.

Messrs. Toler Bros., Ltd.,
10 Coptic Street,
Bloomsbury.

Mr. William Green,
138 Great Portland Street, W.

Mr. M. Pittman,
41 Notting Hill Gate, W.

Messrs. Stanesby and Co.,
179 Sloane Street,
Belgravia, S.W.

Messrs. M. Hildreth and Co.,
10 and 12 Fulham Road, S.W.

Mr. Henry Roberts,
2 Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.

Messrs. Scooter and Law,
Belgrave Mansions,
Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.

Mr. J. Shrubbs,
165 Ebury Street,
Pimlico, S.W.

Messrs. W. H. Smith,
Bookshop,
Sloane Square, S.W.

Messrs. Wright and Son,
43 King's Road,
Sloane Square, S.W.

Messrs. Jesson Bros.,
129 King's Road,
Chelsea, S.W.

Mr. A. F. Vedy,
265 and 420 King's Road,
Chelsea, S.W.

Mr. George E. Riches,
510 King's Road,
Chelsea, S.W.

Mr. Wm. John Arnold,
Approach Book Stores,
London Bridge, S.E.

Persons who experience any difficulty in obtaining THE ACADEMY are requested kindly to communicate with

The Manager of THE ACADEMY,

63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1909 MODEL

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer, as an advertisement, the half-guinea Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1909 Model, for 2/6 each. 2/6

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft, and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.



THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a Marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular.

It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/- is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each. 5/6

It deserves to be popular, and is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers, Messrs. MYNART & CO., Ltd., Dept. A, 71 High Holborn, London, W.C., and acquire this Bargain. (Agents wanted.)

TURKEY IN REVOLUTION

By CHARLES RODEN BUXTON. With a Map and 33 Illustrations, 7/6 net.

This is the first book which has been published on the bloodless but far-reaching Revolution in Turkey, an event worthy of a place beside the great liberating movements of Greece and Italy, and destined to change profoundly the issues of the Near Eastern question. It contains information which can only be learnt from the lips of the actual authors of the movement. These Mr. Buxton has had a unique opportunity of knowing personally, having accompanied his brother, Mr. Noel Buxton, the chairman of the Balkan Committee, in the recent deputation to Constantinople. He describes the leading Young Turks, the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and the growth, success, prospects and dangers of the new movement.

T. FISHER UNWIN

"SHOULD BE WIDELY READ AND CAREFULLY PONDERED."

ARMY REFORM, and other Addresses

By the Rt. Hon. R. B. HALDANE, M.P. Cheap Edition. Cloth, 2/6 net.

The *Daily News* says:—"Each of these speeches is a masterpiece of exposition, wherein an intricate mass of facts is unfolded with exquisite skill and clearness. The broad facts are stated; one example in detail is cited; the broad principle is enunciated, and rings out as an inevitable logical conclusion."

T. FISHER UNWIN

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN

By Mrs. RICHMOND (late Garden Editor of "The Queen"). With 2 Coloured Illustrations and 48 other Plates. 12/6 net.

This book is divided into chapters for each week in the year, in which clear practical advice is given on the care of the garden, the laying out of the grounds, the lawn, the conservatory, the wild garden and the water garden; the cultivation of the new hardy waterlilies in many rich tints being thus brought within the reach of all. Nature Notes on the birds of the garden, their uses, wants, and ways, are added, with many interesting notes on matters connected with the garden.

T. FISHER UNWIN

"WILL DELIGHT ALL NATURE LOVERS."

THAT ROCK GARDEN OF OURS

By Professor F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. With 8 Coloured Plates and 42 other Illustrations. 10/6 net.

Professor Hulme is a genial "guide, philosopher and friend," and the reader wanders with him amongst the plants, picking an anemone here, a ragged robin there, in delightful enjoyment. The book is full of charm in its chatty and reminiscent style, and the large number of illustrations with which it is embellished increase its usefulness and add very considerably to its interest and value.

T. FISHER UNWIN

NOTABLE

6s.

NOVELS

THE CANON'S DILEMMA. By Victor L. Whitechurch, Author of "The Canon in Residence," Etc.

THE KEY OF LIFE. By A. A. Methley.

TRANSPLANTED DAUGHTERS. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

HIGH LIFE IN THE FAR EAST. By James Dalziel.

THE WAYS OF MEN. By Herbert Flowerdew.

THE CAPTURE OF PAUL BECK. By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

T. FISHER UNWIN

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

Married." Paper Covers, 1s. net.

By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married." [Write for a Complete Catalogue.]

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1 Adelphi Terrace, London.